

A True and Faithful

ACCOUNT

OF

What was observed ¹⁴⁵¹⁻⁶³

IN

TEN YEARS

TRAVELLS

INTO

The principal places of *Eu-
rope, Asia, Africa and America,*

WRITTEN

In several Letters to Noble Per-
sonages from place to place, as they
were observed, with variety of Hi-
storical and Moral Peices.

By R. F. Esq;

LONDON,

Printed for William Crook at the Three Bibles
on Fleet-Bridge. 1665.

The principal Persons to whom these Travels by Letters were written, are.

The Vice Roy of Norway.

Duke of Buckingham.

Lord Charles Dudley.

Lord Thomas Somerset.

Lord Marquis Cumillo Bagat.

Lord Rich.

Count Salazar.

Col. Will Ewers.

Sir J. S.

Monsieur Lawrins.

R. F. John Pererio of

S. J.

Dr. Hart.

Mr. Hen. Petre.

Mr. Edw. Lewis.

Mr. John Malys.

Mr. Tho. Higgins.

*Qu. Mother of France.
Princess of Hoghzel-
lern.*

Dutchess of Lorain.

Dutchess of Richmond.

*Briget Countess of Des-
mond.*

Countess of Berlamont.

Lady Tenham.

Lady Byron.

Lady Elizabeth Darcy.

Lady Isabella Thinn.

Lady Howard.

Lady Audley.

Madamoif. de Beauvoys.

Madamoif. de Clerque.



The Epistle Dedicatory.

To all those Noble Personages mentioned in these following Letters.

O you, with good Reason, I dedicate these Letters, to whom they were writ, and to whom I have Dedicated my self: For whilst others were desirous of pleasures, Ambitious of Honors, or Covetous of wealth, you were all in all to me, all my pleasure, all my honour, all my wealth; nor had I other desire nor Ambition, but of you; so became I more desirving, similitude of disposition best gaining and conserving Friends, know-

ing you were not to be purchas'd
 but by worth, nor conferr'd but by
 merit. Never any man then gain'd
 more by his Friends than I, nor
 without some Acknowledgment
 to mine Enemies, (of whom I
 should have fewer, if they would
 be content to stand *Neuters*) Of
 which sort though I make no men-
 tion, yet had I ever some who ad-
 ded sharp spurs unto me of doing
 well, not to afford them the plea-
 sure of my doing Ill: as Souldiers in
 battel, or most commonly as much
 encouraged to fight, to deprive their
Enemies of the Victory, as to gain it
 for their *Friends*. Accept then of this
 Dedication, and be still to me as
 you have ever been, so shall I study
 still to be alwayes to you as I have
 been,

Your, &c.

The

To the Reader.

Gentle Reader,

TIs for no vaunt nor boast that I write my Travails (I esteeming myself (I can assure thee) a far lesse Travailer now (having fail'd of seeing the East-Indies, and consequently all the Eastern Monarchies) than I did when I past over Seas to Zeland first) but to satisfie the curiosity of some noble friends, and make honourable mention of others, to whom I am infinitely obliged, (so thou wilt find whilst I make but slight mention of those, I am most accurate in mentioning these) nor is it vanity in me, that I make mention of so many, and noble ones, all that know me, knowing I never willingly converse but with the noblest in every place, finding them still in every respect the best; besides, since Fortune maim'd me, and brought me to my Crutches, whom should I rely upon but the best able to support me? which they the more willingly do (perhaps) because I lean so lightly on them, and alwayes strive to afford them some pleasure for the profit I receive of them.

And

And thus much for that, for the following
Letters, I must advertise thee, that most of
those writ abroad are but translated out of the
several Languages I writ them in originally,
nor art thou to imagine them lesse English for
that, there being as much difference betwixt the
Authors translating his own conceptions, and
those of an others, as betwixt a Poets copying,
and a Painters drawing the same piece again,
the one having a dead Copy for imitation, the
others pieces being all drawn upon the life. For
the rest, some faults thou must allow the Printer,
& some me, neither having been so accurate as
they might have been, and for all testimony
of friends, give me leave to prefix only this
following one before my Book, Qui mihi mille
testes erit.

To

*To the Lord Marquis of
NEWCASTLE.*

Who in Answer to a Copy of Verses of his sent
him these following,

FLECKNO thy verses are too high for me,
Though they but justly fit thy Muse and thee,
Caesars should be thy Theme on them to write,
Though thou'dst expresse them more than they
could fight,

Those Worthies rank them in thy wits pure file,
Though Homers blush, and Virgils lofty stile:
For thy Poetique Flame is so much higher,
Where it should warm, 't consumes us with thy
fire.

Thy vaster fancy does imbrace all things,
And for thy Subject ought i' have greatest
Kings.

My Lord,

I Receiv'd the Verses you honored me with-
all, which impose on me a necessity of de-
serving them, although I do not yet; to which
end I know you writ them (for 'twere too great
presumption in me to imagin you flatter'd me)
it being one of the Gentlest Arts of Friend-
ship.

ship, *laudando præcipere*; to praise one for
somewhat they are not, to incite them to what
they are praised for; yet must I glory in it;
and publish it every where; Since, if as *Cicero*
says, *homo est laudari à laudabili viro*, 'tis only
true praise to be praised by a praise-worthy
man, how glorious must it be to me to be
praised by the most praise worthy-man alive?
by one who has the most of the noble man in
him, the most of true greatnesse, and who is
of so equal a mind in all Fortuns, as prosperous
could never elate, nor aduerse e'r depresse; no
more My Lord but the assurances that I shall
always be

Your Lordships most &c.



I.

To Col. Will. Euers from
Gant, Anno 40.

The Reasons of his Going over Seas.

Noble Sir,



Here are divers Birds that flie
away, when Stormes and
Winter comes, one of those
Birds am I : for all prognos-
ticks Mariners observe of en-
suing Storms, I have observ'd
in England, the billows beginning to swell
high, and those *Porpoises* which, were the
Times fair and serene, should be i'th' Bottom,
dauncing on the Top. Mean time, let your vast
and strong built *Carracks* ride out the storm
for me, I'm too weak and slight-built a *Vessel*
for Tempestuous Seas ; Besides educated as I
am, in the Arts of Peace, (*Musick and Poetry*)
and your *Musick* of *Base, Superious, and Reffor*
choris, or *King, Peers and Commons* being all
dis-

disconforted, the Base neither admitting of Master of the Quire to moderate it, nor *Supers* to consort with 't, without which, 'tis rather a Loud Tumultuous noise, than Musick and Harmonie: *England* is no place for me, and for Poets, they are well feign'd to delight in Hills and Mountains, where there are alwayes some *Eminences* above *Lycurgus* valleys, or fields of standing Corn, where all heads are equal, *England* begins to be a place too much overgrown with Shrubs and Underwoods for me. And thus much for my leaving it. Now for my Retreat hither, 'twas altogether without design; I, like one who flies an *Incendium*, wholly indifferent whither I went, so I sav'd my self; and if any thing turn'd the scale for *Flodres*, 'twas its near Vicinitie to *England*; and for *Gant*, because 'tis the chief Town here, (whosoever would know any thing, or be known in any place, being ever to reside in the principallst City of the Country where he is) yet did *Fortune*, (the best director of indifferent Things) dispose it better for me, than *Council* or *Deliberation* could (the Directors of things where there is choice and difference) I lighting hear on a neat Town, Good Air, and excellent Company, of the Count *Salazar* Governor of the Cittadel, his Lady, the Baron *Reours* her noble Brother, the *Blanchelvalx*, the Marquiss of *Libourge*, with divers others of the Nobility, extremely curteous and obliging, (as most commonly they are all, when

out of Court and Competency with others) amongst these I am daily Conversant, there is no Feast nor party without me. In all their sports and Exercises I must make one, for their Games, they teach them me, and make me win, or if I chance to lose, they are as much concerned as for their own losses, and more than I am for mine. It were too great a vanity to tell you this, if it were not a greater Ingratitude to conceal it, and you know (Sir) I can so little conceal the honour my Friends do me, as I publish every wher the honour you do me, in being one of them, as that I have in being,

Sir,

Your, &c.

II.

To the Lord — from Gant, An. 41.

*With the Character and Epitaph of the
Earl of STRAFFORD.*

My Lord,

YOU would not believe me, when I told you which way things tended, and see what comes of it. One of you is brought unto the block already, for whom I have made this following *Epitaph*,

*To see such Heads off, on the Scaffold lie,
Only to keep on th' Head of Majesty,*

*What is't, but Admonition to his Peers,
Such Heads once off, 'tis time to look to
theirs.*

As for this following *Character*, because I know my Lord amongst your many other commendable qualities, you have this, not to Envy others commendations, I send it you withall.

The Character of the Earl of Strafford.

He was the fullest Man of all the Eminent parts and qualities of a Great Minister of State, as *England* ever bred, and both in *Cabinet*, and abroad, exprest it as fully too; his unhappinesse 'twas, (or rather ours) that he liv'd not in happier Times (might have rather Admir'd, than Envyed those parts of his) so as that Epitaph of *Adrian* the 6th, might well be applyed to him, *Proh! dolor quantum refert in qua Tempora vel optimi cuiusque virtus incidat.* Many Envyed him, because few understood him, and 'tis almost to be wisht that his Prince had not don't so well, since 'twas his overthrow (so much more it imports the People than the Prince be Good, they being many, and he but one.) He was a Jewel fit for the Crown of any Prince to wear, and that his Prince well knew, and therefore wore him him there; but being matcht, and overmatcht too with counterfeit ones, they fearing his splendor should dim and offuscat them, snatched him thence. and cast him into the obscurity of

a Prison, from whence he might have escap'd, had he preferr'd his Life before his Fame; but he had higher Thoughts, and look't only after *Eternitie*, and the perpetuating his Memory; so while 'twas irreparable losse unto the Crown, 'twas his gain to die with the glorious title, and high reputation of his *Princes Martyr*. Nor wanted there as great prodigies at his death, as ever fore-run any *Heroes* yet, all the Laws of the Land being first subverted, the King losing his Authority, and Kingdom chang'd into *Democratie*, Er' he could die: so as his noble House was more honour'd and illustrated by his fall, than ever't could have been, even in his greatest rise.

And now (my Lord) comfort your self, if you chance to be the next, that you shall not want one to make your *Epitaph*, and *Character* at least; but I rather wish and hope 't may be your *Elogium*, in celebration of your Glorious Actions. For if things look towards a Warr, (as I'm affraid they do) 'twill be as well the Glory of your Judgement to chuse the better side, as of your Valour to defend it bravely; for Valour is either Virtue or Vice, as 'tis well or ill imployed; and 'tis hard to determine which is the greater Crime, to defend an Ill Cause well, or a good one ill: You then being of *Brutus* disposition, (*Quicquid vult, valde vult*) that is, vehement in all you undertake, I cannot end this Letter with a better Prayer, than God blesse a good Cause from

*What is't, but Admonition to his Peers,
Such Heads once off, 'tis time to look to
theirs.*

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having you for Enemy, and God bleſſe you
from being Friend unto an Ill; which is the
prayer of

My Lord,

Your, &c.

III.

To Mr. Henry Petre from Gant,
Anno 42.

Of his Resolution to leave G A N T.

Noble Sir,

I Have liv'd to ſee the day, when having loſt
all long ſince, I may thank God for having
nothing now, nor did I ever know how great
a happineſſe 'twas, till I ſaw their unhappi-
neſſe, who are bemir'd and bogg'd in their own
Land, and bound to their Countries by the ties
of Wiſe and Children: For what avails it ſuch
to have their Bodies free abroad, whiſt their
Souls are imprisoned at home? or to ſlie the
miſeries of their Country, whiſt they have left
Pledges with Fortune there to be miſerable
ſtill? I ſpeak this in regard of many *Engliſh*
here, retir'd (as they imagine) from the
Noyſe and Tumult in *England*, whiſt their ears
are as much beaten with it here, and their
minds as much ſollicitred and perplex'd, as if
they were preſent there. They receiving week-

ly Intelligence from their Wives, Friends and Servants there? This, that his house is plundered; that, that his Tenants refuse to pay their Rent; a third, that his Estate is sequestred, &c. when I must make sad faces with them for company, or they cry out, I care not how things go. I answer, If my care could remedy it, I should; And for their Losses, I protest they touch me as neerly, and I'm as sorry for them, as I should be for my own, and if that suffice not, I am sorry Nature made me not of another Temper and Disposition for their sakes; Neither was this any *Stoical* Indolency in me, who could suffer, nay die for a Friend, but yet without trouble and vexation. In fine, I'm so wearied out with this sad sport, as (not to be made miserable at second hand) I'm resolv'd to quit this place, and retire me to *Amsterp* or *Bruxelles* (for I'm indifferent for either) you laugh now at my Indifferency, but may I die, or lose your Friendship, which is more, if I find it not an Immense happinesse to say with *Bias*, *Omnia mea mecum porto*, and while others by heaping up wealth on wealth, make themselves at last so cumberfom a load of it, they cannot stir for it; I by reducing all to the narrow compasse of one *Portmanteau*, travel lightly up and down, injoying that Liberty, *Fortune* has bestow'd on me, and *Nature* inclines me to, wanting nor wishing for nothing more (Sir) than your Company, being as I am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

IV.

To the Lady Audley, from Bruxelles,
Anno 42.

Of his Arrival there.

Madam,

I Am at last arived at *Bruxelles*, where for some Time I intend to stay, having by rowling up and down like a Snow-ball contracted so many Acquaintances, as I am now incompast with them, and in the Center of them all. The Town is exceeding pleasant, the Nobilitie numerous, and Ladies generally handsom, more sprightly than the *English*, and of graver Temper than the *French*; (in a word, Madam, just like your self) to tell you of their Generous Actions, (For I know you love Generosity, and they but imitate you in it) the Marchionesse of *Bergues*, Mother of those two incomparable Ladies, the Dutchesse of *Lorraine*, and *Mademoiselle de Beauvais*, after my first visit, singling me from the Company, told me, that since she knew those of my Country and Condition (as the Times went) could not be so well accommodated, she should take it ill of me, if in my wants I had recourse to any but her self. To whom I answered, (after my most humble remerciments for so high a favour) That as I yet wanted nothing: so 'twas now impossible I ever should, having the honour

honour of her good Graces, which I beseech'd her to continue only, and I should be Rich enough. After this, visiting Madam *Berlaimont*, (whose very Name is story) she freely and nobly offered me the honour of her Table during my abode in *Bruxelles*, where only Eat her self, her two Neices, Daughters to the Duke of *Arschot*, and the young Prince of *Arembergh* his Son, whence you may conjecture how great an honour 'twas, but much more by that which followeth.

She having the great Spirit of the Nobility here, not only Hereditary, but almost all contracted in her self, not brooking the Spanish domination (besides some *Pique* with the *Infanta*) was banisht the Court to her House at *Audenard*, where for some years she lived retired, like a Great Princess as she was, till at last (the *Infanta* dead) her Banishment was exchang'd, for Confinement to her House at *Bruxelles*, which she carried so wisely, and so cunningly dissembled at her Return, as making vertue of necessity, she reclus'd her self in her own House, as in a *Monastery*, together with her Neices, every one the whilst envying her felicity, accompting it a point of solemn greatness in her, to be visited by all, without obligation of re-visiting any, and of great happiness to live so in the world, as she were out of it, and so out of it, as she enjoy'd it more than those who were in it. living at vast expence, keeping a Noble Train and Table,

wanting no pleasures nor delights a plenteous Fortune could procure, or honourable mind could wish, having Woods, Gardens, Fish-ponds, Banqueting-houses, all within the incinct and inclosure of the Walls, with cooling Fountains, where under the shadow of fresh Arbors, she eats all the Summer Time. And in that state she was, when she offered me the honour of her Table, and Freedome of her House; which her Noblenesse not suffering my Modesty to refuse, imagin Madam, what a delicious life I lead, in so noble Company, so splendid Entertainment, and so Magnificent Equipage; which that you may not think too voluptuous a life, 'tis requisite you know, that the Mornings we imploy in our Devotions in the Chap:ll of her *Monastery*, into which she has a Dore opening out of her House, where on Sundays and Holydayes is frequent concourse of all the Nobler sort, to hear the *Nuns* Musick, absolutely the best in *Bruxelles*, for Voice and Instrument. You'll pardon Madam, my Tediousnesse in relating these particulars, and consider how hard it is to moderate ones self in so great Felicitie, which yet I can assure you, without Complement, I would exchange, were it far greater than it is, for one day at *Holicroft*, or whersoever you are. Mean time be pleased to believe, that whersoever I am, nothing can change me from being

Madam,

Your, &c.

To

To Mr. Edward Lewis at the Spa,
from Bruxelles, Anno 43.

Of Conversation with Ladies.

Noble Sir,

Yours from the Spa I received by the last, for your Newes I thank you, that of the Prince of Gaure was welcom to Mademoiselle d' Arschot, and more to Madam Berlamont, who both command me to present their best respects and remembrances unto you. But now touching our Quarell.

You wonder I am always amongst the Ladies, and I wonder, you and all men are not so; for amongst them, one learns nothing but Vertue, high honour and Noblenesse, whilst amongst Men (such is the corruption of the Times) one learns nothing but *Libertinage*, Vice and *Deboisserie*; Mistake me not yet I mean not all Women, but only such you lest me with, and *Mademoiselle de Beauvais*, whom I look not upon as Woman, but Vertu's self; of whom you remember I said upon another occasion, that

She was so wrapt up from our mortal sense,

In all that's Excellent, as one by one

Unfolding her out every Excellence,

You never should unto bare Woman come.

Nor mean I all Men neither, but only your young Gallants of the Time, who have little

of the *Court*, lesse of the *School*, and all of the *Beurdel* in them; who, whilst they learn only to manage the *Sword*, leave the *Ladys* in possession of their *Books* at home: and at best, talk of nothing but *Rampards* and *Parapats*, *Musquetads*, *Estramacons*, and *Canonads*: so as you have nothing but the noise of *Drums* and *Trampes* in your head, whilst they are present, and the ringing of it in your ears a month after they are gone. I know too there are bad *Women* in the world, such who have put off *Woman*, and put on *Impudence*; but I thank *God* I know them not, nor ever mean to do: So are there many learned and pious men; but still me thinks they are but *Mex*, and have their *Imperfections*. If they be learn'd, they are most commonly too positive and *Magisterial*, and so *opiniatre*, as none's opinion must be heard, but theirs. 'Tis a *Tyranny* to converse with them, and *Conversation*, you know, should be a *Republique*, where every ones discourse and opinions should be *Free*: So your *Pious* men have somewhat in them (commonly) of the *supercilious*, rather deterring than inviting to their conversation; They would have all *Grave* like themselves, without distinction of *Age* nor persons; every thing is *Vanity* with them, every thing *Levity*: which quality till they sweeten, they are too *Austere* for me. Now for your *Ladies*, without noise and quarel you converse with them, there is no contention with them, but in courtesie; they

they gently give you their opinions, and let you retain your own; they pursue not contention, but Truth, and have no Author to maintain beyond it; their Vertue is charming, and Honour without boast; and finally, 'tis pleasure, not pain, to converse with them. I grant you, they have their Imperfections too, but they are noble ones, and their Birth, their Education, and the modesty of their Sex, makes them nothing, in comparison with those of men; For example, an Oath, an Obscene word with them is horror and blasphemie, that is but sport and gallantry with Men. But what doe I talk of Imperfections, having so newly mentioned *Mad. de B.* with whom Imperfections the same day are not to be nam'd, and of whom I must make more hast to speak, whilst she is effable, she advancing so fast towards perfection, as she will be ineffable e'r long, and here I must end, since having but named her, I have no more to say, but to admire, and abruptly to tell you that I am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

VL

To the Lord ——— from Bruxelles,
Anno 44.

Of his Resolution to travel into ITALY.

My Lord,

YOU will wonder, living so deliciously as I do, so as 'tis the general voice of *Brussels*, *None loves but I*, every day with *Mademoiselle de Arschot* and the *Princesse d'Hoghzaloru* in the Park, singing, and making Musick at foote of every Tree, and head of every Fountain, every day in Feasts at home, or Col-
lations abroad, I can resolve so soon to quit *Brussels*, having scarcely yet resided here a year; And you will say perhaps, (as others do) that I am unconstant, fickle, and even weary of mine own felicitie. But I will tell you now, in confidence, my Reason for't: 'Tis no Inconstancy, but rather a constancy to my first Resolution of flying war and trouble, makes me now resolve to leave this Country, and travel into *Italy*; Nor could I excuse it to mine own Country, should I longer stay here, where the *French* and *Hollander* betwixt them, waste and consume this Country; just like a Taper lighted at both Ends; nor is there any retreat here from the noise of Warr and Tumult, every place being Frontire to some
Enemy

Enemy or other; may the very Walls of some
 Towns (so narrowly they are prest) frontire
 unto both. Mean time, imagine with what
 heart I can behold so many noble creatures (so
 nobly obliging me) suffering under so many
 heavy Calamities, one's Territory spoyl'd, an
 others Castles raz'd unto the ground, and all
 reduc'd by it to such want and povertie, as I
 heard a Great *Princessse* say not long since, af-
 ter she had reform'd her House and Family al-
 most to a fourth part, That she fear'd she
 should be forc'd to Spinn to maintain the rest.
 Yet do they venture Lives & Fortunes here to
 maintain their King in possession of his own,
 whilst better cheap they might be subject to an
 other Prince, and change hands, only by
 crossing of their Arms, and sitting still (a rare
 Example of Loyalty in Subjects now adayes.)
Italy then, being the only Country now free
 from Wars, and the miseries it brings in train
 of it, thither I resolve to go, in search of that
 Peace all Countrys have lost but it. And if
 you ask me, with what heart I can leave this
 Noble Company, I am so much obliged unto?
 Truly, just with such an one as I should depart
 with Life, or whatever were dearer unto me
 then it; Nor could I ever resolve to do it,
 without hope of returning soon again, and
 some sudden change of Fortune. Mean time,
 part of my Grief, and resentment of my depar-
 ture, I have endeavour'd to expresse in this
 following copy of Verses, which, cause
 they

they are but short, I send you here.

*Absence, that in each soft and gentle mind,
With parting friends doſt leave a ſting behind;
Juſt like the Bee, but with far different Fate,
Thou wounding where thou lov'ſt, they where
they hate:*

*Since Deſtiny of things would have it ſo,
What moſt we love, with pain we ſhould forgo;
And that the ſmart of all lov'd things be ſuch,
Nothing hereafter may I love too much:
So, though I prove leſs happy by't, (ſiſ true)
I ſhall, withall, be leſs unhappy too.*

*This, my Lord, if you ſhall read with ſome re-
flexion to your ſelf, you ſhall do but Juſtice to
Your Lordſhips, &c.*

VII.

*To Madamoiselle de Beauvais, from
Paris, Anno 44.*

Of his Arrival at PARIS.

Madamoiselle,

IN compliance with my Duty, and your
Commands, I ſhall have the honour to let
you underſtand that I am arriv'd at Paris,
(thanks to Count Grancy, who arreſted all
my

my Company (except my self) for comming
to *Gravelling* out of the Enemies Country,
without Pasport. For *Paris*, what should I
say of it, but that 'tis one of the greatest Cities
in the World; and where there is the greatest
disorder; 'tis all *Hurry*, and one spends more
Spirits with noises here in a week, than he can
recover in a years Solitude. They accompt
their Kingdom greater than any three of the
King of *Spains*, and so they may this City, then
any three of his Cities, *Madril*, *Sevil*, and *Sal-*
amanca, for Court *Ville Marobante*, and U-
niversitie, not being altogether to be compar'd
with it. For the rest, leaving every one to ad-
mire somewhat of other here, eve to that *Italian*
Prelat, who admir'd the Great Aboundance
of Cooks shops, and *Alloys* of Bief. I admire
nothing in it; for he ariving at admiration, who
goes but a step beyond that he knows already, I
(*Madamoiselle*) am gon a step beyond Admira-
tion it self, in knowing you. I dare make no stay
here, for feare of being tempted to longer stay;
nor visit any, for feare of Ingaging my self in too
many Visits, the abstinence from things being
far easier than the Temperance of them; where-
fore to morrow I depart for *Lions*, and so for-
wards on my Journy towards *Italy*. Of the
progressle of my Voyage I shall not fail to ad-
vertise you from place to place, since you do
me the honour to permit me, and esteem me
for

T. ur, &c.

C

POST-

Postscript

My most humble *Baisemains* I beseech you to the Lady Marguette your noble Mother, to *Mademoiselle d'Archeol* when you see her, and all the rest.

VIII

To the same from Marseilles, Anno 44.

The Description of the place.

Mademoiselle,
By my last from *Paris* I had the honour to write unto you. Now this is (if you please) to let you understand, that the next day I departed thence with the Messenger for *Lions*, from thence down the *Rhône* by water to *Avignon*, and from thence by Horse to *Marseilles* all my journey through *France* being only a *bon voyage*, or pleasant journey in excellent company with Wines that would tempt a *Nazareth*, and Flesh and soul that would deboisha *Minima*. For *Marseilles*, is one of the delightfullst places as yet I ever saw, situated in a corner of the *Mediterranean Sea*, at equal distance betwixt *Spain* and *Italy*, enjoying in a more temperate climat than either,

all the commodities of both. The Sea runs
 and broken by the force of the opposite tides
 before it arrives unto the wall, flows rather,
 (leaving all its raginets behind) as gently as
 any River, when by an Inlet entering the
 Port it becomes as calm and smooth as any
 Lake. The Town on the left hand of it is a
 fair wife, (with one house elevated above in
 other) seeming situated on purpose to behold
 the pleasant spectacle of the Port (some two
 miles about in Oval form) where ride all the
 French Gallies, so evenly ranked, as whilst their
 Becks like a stand of Pikes seem to charge the
 Water, their Prows seem to assault the Land,
 and brave the *Caisway* surrounding all the
 Port, where towards the Town-side the La-
 dies accompanied with their Gallants walk
 every Evening some ten or twelve a breast,
 solacing themselves with Musick and Conver-
 sation til Midnight; Nor shall you easily find
 any where in *France* handsomer Women, bet-
 ter behaved, nor richlier clad, so accostable
 and free of Company and Entertainment, as
 none (no not strangers themselves) are stran-
 gers there to any: so as comparing them with
 the *Maritime* Women of other Seas, (for the
 most part foul, ugly, and weather-beaten) you
 would easily conclude, 'twas only on those
 Seas *Venus* was born. For the Town, 'tis ra-
 ther well compact, than great, and more com-
 modious than magnificent, containing about
 some seventeen thousand Houses within the

walls, and without (on the adjacent Hills and Vallies) some two and twenty thousand more: so as you'd imagine them an Army of Houses in disfront, or the greatest part o'ch Towne broke out the walls, their incinct not being capacions enough to contain them all. To these *Bastids* or Houses of Pleasure, in Spring and Summer time, (which is with them almost all the year,) they retire themselves, and passe their Time in nothing but Sports and Jollity, where for more than this fortnight I have past my Time amongst the rest, in expecting the commodiry of Embarkement for *Genoa*. Mean time, *Madamoisells*, be you who are Patronesse of my Voyage, but as propitious to me by Sea as you by Land have been, and I shall soon bear my journies end, of which I can no waies doubt, being as I am,

Madamoiselle,

Yours, &c.

T.

To the same from Genoa, Anno 45.

Of his Arrival there.

Mademoiselle,

VWith good Reason I imagined my Voyage by Sea would prove as fortunate as my journey by Land, having you for Patroness of either; We having pass'd with favourable Wind, and prosperous Navigation from *Marseilles* hither, frighted only a little with Pirates on our way, which necessitated us to put in at *Monaco*, where for some foure or five dayes during my Residence there, the Prince did me the honour to lodge me in his Pallace, being a great *Virtuoso*, and not only a great Lover of Musick, but an excellent Musician. He is really a Prince very noble and generous, deserving a far greater Principality, it being only a Rock or Promontory into the Sea, some mile about, overlook'd by Horrid Cliffs, hanging like Clouds or Tempests in the air, threatening each moment to fall upon their heads. It has a pretty Port, capable of some twenty Ships and Gallies, which is his chiefest Revenue, every Ship paying some 3 Crowns for Anchorage; yet is his Pallace magnificently buile, a *Italian*, and richly and nobly furnish'd. And so much for *Monaco*.

whence I imbarqu'd for *Genoa* in the Princes
own *Galley*, all the strand of *Genoa* for more
than a hundred mile seeming but one continu-
ed Town, allowing the interjacent Mountains
and Valleys for Gardinage, planted with all
sorts of delicious fruit, Oranges and Limmons
amongst the rest, in so great abundance, as
their flowers perfume the Sea all the way you
pass along. Arriv'd at last at *S. Pietro d'
Arena*, the Suburbs of *Genoa*, you would ima-
gine that Architects had install'd there all
the rarities of its Art, and given the last proof
of its excellency, it being a Seminarie of Pal-
aces; no one place in the world, for its bignesse,
being able to shew so many and so stately,
thicker Town. From thence passing by the
Lantern-port into the Town, first thing you
admire (for 'tis Admirable all) is its Mole or
Wall, forc'd all along into the Sea to secure the
Haven, rampir'd with whole Rocks thrown in
in foot thereof, to break the fury of the waves,
in beholding which, you would imagine, that
as the Giants formerly pl'd Mountains on
Mountains to scale the Heavens, so these
throw one upon another to penetrate the
Abyss. Next prospect that takes your eyes,
is that of the Palace of the Duke *Doria*, front-
ing the Haven with its Gardens, and Colloster
and statues, making a glorious shew. Whence
you passe onward towards the City, situated
on a rising ground, all built of white Stone, mak-
ing a fairer shew without, than it does with-
in.

in, by reason of the narrowness of the streets.
 Here I no sooner arriv'd, and had ta'n up mine
 Inn, but the Marquis *Philippo Palavicino*
 fetter'd me straight away from thence, and
 lodg'd me in his Pallace, I easily imagining
 upon whose account it was, when that Night
 at Supper the Marquesse his Mother drank a
 health to all the *Flandres* Ladies, as he him-
 self did afterwards, in a solemn Entertainment
 he made for me aboard one of the States ships
 in the Harbour, together with divers other
 noble *Gentlemen*, where whilst he drank your
 health, Ecco reported to Land & Sea, the Fame
 of the *Flandres* Ladies, and the Canon unto
 the skies; 'twere infinite to tell you all my
 Entertainments here, all (Ladies) to expresse
 his Gratitude unto you, as I in Gratitude to
 him am oblig'd to let you know. One thing I
 observ'd here, that whilst they glory in being
 a free Estate, even to have *Liberty* written on
 the Arms of the Commonwealth, the Nobility
 notwithstanding abuse the Common people
 at pleasure, they having only the *Liberty*
 to hang themselves, if they please, for other Li-
 berty they have none. Whence I see 'tis but a
 meer cheat this *Popular Liberty*, the Inchant-
 ment of the vulgar, and *Gentlemen* they pro-
 mise Children, to make them good Boyes; yet
 't has been, and ever will be the madness of
 the Common people to goe in quest of it, as
Don Quixote did of his *Dulcinea*, or *Sancho*
Pansa of his imaginarie Iland or Government,

which, just like your floating Islands, slips away from you, when you think to set foot on it, and so eludes your imaginary possession, which those who govern them well understanding, they alwaies delude them with that specious name, when in reality there is no such thing at all, the true liberty of the people only consisting in being well commanded, and the Magistrates in being well obeyed: From whence results the perfect Harmony of Kingdoms and Commonwealths, which then is disaccorded, when the one defects to Tyranny, and the other to Riot and Licentiousnesse, the one abusively call'd Absolute Domination, and the other Liberty: From whence finally results those two Extreme mischiefs of all Estates, by *Fronto* wisely observ'd to be equally dangerous, where all things are lawfull, or where nothing is. But enough of this discourse: and to conclude with *Genoa*, their Churches here are most of them richly guilt, Marble being their vildest material, their Musick very good, but that of their Comedys excellent. I arriving here just at the overture of their Theater. By my next, Madamoiselle, I shall have the honor to write unto you from *Rome*; towards which to morrow is going,

Madamoiselle,

Your, &c.

To the same from Rome, Anno 43.

Of his Arival there, and the Overture
of some Affairs.

Mademoiselle,

BY my last from Genoa you understood of
my Arival there. Now this (if you please)
is to let you understand, how from thence by
Lucca, Pisa, Florence, Siena, &c. finally I am
arived here at *Rome*, admiring nothing so much
in all my voyage, than that from *Bruxelles*
hither, having made the *Tour of Calcs*, 't has
cost me only two and twenty *Pistoles*. Next
day after my Arival here, I visited the Duke
and Dutchesse of *Bouillon*, who live here ve-
ry privatly since the last *Popes* death, with the
fall of the *Barbarins*, they falling likewise in
Credit and Authority: so they being no friends
of her Highnesse, (as you know) no matter how
great Enemies they are. One pretty mistake
I ran into at unawares, treating him with *Ex-
cellence*, (as formerly I was wont to do) when
he pretends (as since I have understood) to be
treated with *Altezza*, which I am glad of (who
otherwise should be sorry to err in so main a
point of Civility, in giving an Ace too little,
rather than an Ace too much) since he treats
her *Altezza* with nothing but *Excellence*. I
have

have been also to visit the Marquis *Rene Bentivolgio*, who retains still a grateful memory of the Courtesy he receiv'd in *Flandres* of particulars, though as to the general he is so little Friend, as I'm inform'd he is taking conditions under *France*. The Marquis *Matthai* I saw too, there being a solemn Jussing or Running at Ring and Sarazen this week at the Cardinal d' *Estes* (where all the great Ladies of *Rome* were present) consisting of three *Bolognez*, three *Per-tariani*, and three *Roman* Knights; of which the Marquis *Matthai* was chief of the *Romans*, and *Bentivolgio* of the *Bolognez*, both doing excellent well, adding somewhat of the aire of *Flandres* to that of *Italy*, that made them excel the rest. His Highnesse Agent in this Court I have not visited yet; thinking it high time, after I have prepar'd my materials, to assemble my Workmen for finishing the Edifice, towards which one main Help I hope to have of Cardinal *Geriassa*, newly promoted to the Cardinalat. More Mademoiselle by the next: Now give me leave (if you please) to conclude this with my most humble *hais mains* to her Highnesse your Sister, my Lady Marq; your Mother, and with the Assurance that I am ever,

Mademoiselle, Your Obedient

have

To the same, from Rome, Anno 45.

*Containing an Historical Narration of the
Marriage of the Dutches of Lorain.*

Madamofelle,

Since those who are to Inform others ought
first to be well informed themselves, you
will please to correct me, if any where I have
err'd in this following Narration of her High-
ness Marriage, wherein, as 'tis my duty, I
have endeavour'd to vindicate the Justice of
her Cause, and declare her Innocence.

Henry Duke of Lorain dying without issue
Male, leaving only two Daughters, *Nicole*
and *Glaude*. The Count of *Kandiers* (Father
of the present Duke) assum'd the Dutchie, as
next Heir unto the House (by right of Law
Salique, as he pretended) in defiance of the
Masculin Line (the Daughters of the last Duke
but weakly reclaiming) when more to streng-
then the title of his House (by connecting the
branches of either Stock together) he propos'd
the Marriage of *Charles* his eldest Son, with
the Princessse *Nicole*, eldest Daughter of the
deceased Duke, with Procestation in case of
his refusal (well perceiving his unwillingness)
to marry her to the Prince of *Faulshurgh*, and
disinherit him, when he knowing there was no
[dallying

dallying with his Father, of stern nature, rendered more violent by opposition, seemingly assented, and so was forc'd to marry her, yet would he no ways bed her, such an Aversion he had from her, til his Father perceiving it, (and knowing he had don nothing, until he had don also that) he forc'd him to bed her in his presence, taking witnes of it, as his son did presently after of the force thereof; who though a Religious Prince, was not Religious yet, to that point, to lose a Dukedom for want of bedding a Lady, shortly after his Father dying, he continued still his cohabitation with her, til having assured, as he thought, the possession of the Dutchie, they severed at last, like Bodies never well joyn'd, having no other Issue of their Mariage, but nails and teeth (as one said antiently) whē he accounting himself free from all Bonds of *Matrimony*, (being assur'd so, by many grave Divines, not only of his own, but of others Dominions) after some years sute, & all the precedent formalities of the Church, Married publicly the Lady *Reatrix de Cusance*, Princesse of *Cantabroix*, one of the considerable Mariages then for noble, rich, and fair (under the degree of absolute Sovereigns) in the Christian world, her House having often allyed with that of *Lorraine*, and her Demains when he married her (as I have often heard) amounting nigh to Thirty thousand pounds a year: In which Mariage [Celebrated by a Bishop in the face of the Publick Church]

Church. They liv'd some 7 years happily together (he having fair Issue by her) when a storm was rais'd against them at Rome, by the subscription (as was imagined) of his Brother Prince Francis, and the Princess *Nicole*, he (having espous'd the second Daughter of Duke Henry, by whom he had numerous Issue) for the Intrest of his Children, and she for emulation, and Revenge on her fair Rival; which proceeded so far at last, as Excommunication was denounc'd against them, not to be revok'd, till they mutually separating, should submit their cause to the decision of the Court of Rome.

This occasioned many Rumours in the world, some allowing no Divorce at all, but only by Death, (as if the tie of Mariage were like that of the Gordian knot,) others inferring from their long Cohabitation, their validating the Mariage, when all Casuists agree, that no length of Time can render that Mariage or Contract lawfull, which was unlawfull at the first, and that force or *coactus cadere in constantem virum*, (as they term it) was one of the principal Annellers of Mariage, nothing being more essential to it than the free consent of the parties. Their long cohabitation then was still but the same force drawn out in length: And for their main objection of all, the Censure of the Church, What should I say? But many a Veritie may be doubtfull, for want of being well explicated and understood, that Truth

has no greater Enemy than willful Ignorance and
 Likelihood; and that this Ignorance may
 oftentimes be just, and the person condemned
 innocent. This I thought I should say to your
 Highness, with that most humble Request
 of (having signed the second Decree of) the
 (having by which) Madam, I beseech you
 for the Interest of Children, and the
 mulation, and Revenge on her fair Rival
 which proceeded to far as that as Excommuni-
 cation was denounced, not to be

To the Dutchesse of Loraine, from
Rome, Anno 45.

This occasioned many Rumours in the world,
 some saying that the Duke of Lorraine was
 dead, (as the Duke of Lorraine were like
 of the Duke's knot) others inter-
 Madam,

After long poring in the dark, I begin at
 last to perceive some light in your High-
 nesse affairs here, and to find how his High-
 nesse Agents negotiation here, is more to take
 off the Excommunication, than to procure a
 Divorce from the first Marriage, or Ratifica-
 tion of the last; and this I came to light of by
 this occasion: I recommending your Affairs
 the other day to the Dutchesse Marbry, one
 who can do all here, his Holiness's Governing
 Rome, Donna Olympia him, and the Donna O-
 lympia. She most readily undertook it, first
 for your Highness's sake, next for her Brothers,
 and lastly perhaps for mine, (I having the ho-

about to wait often upon her.) commanding
 me to bring my Man, and his businesse should
 be dispatcht. Whereupon I joyfully ran to
 inform his Highnesse Agent of what had past,
 imagining he would have run as joyfully to
 embrace the occasion, when contrary to my
 expectation, I found him nothing mov'd with
 it all, rather surpriz'd, confus'd and Interdict,
 and so cold (in fine) as connecting delays unto
 delays, at last he absolutely refus'd to goe, less
 he had his Highnesse warrant first, which ex-
 cuse appear'd to me frivolous; for if he had
 order to do the thing, (as now I suspected
 he had none) what need he further order
 to do it well? This suspicion shortly after
 grew up to certitude, when discoursing with
 Cardinal Caraffa about your Highnesse affairs,
 and recommending to him the Iustice of your
 cause, and expedition of the *Rbota*, He an-
 swered me, with the prudence of an *Italian*,
 and franchise of a *German*, (with whom he
 was *Nuntius*, when I had the honour to know
 him first) that I urg'd the expedition of an
 affair, wherein they should disoblige both the
 Emperour and the Crown of *France*, without
 so much as gratifying the Duke himself, who
 being the main party, solicited it not at all;
 Whereupon I wondred at mine own blindness
 all this while, not to have perceiv'd, how whilst
 the Emperour embrac'd Prince *Francis* Interest,
 (who had put himself under his Protection) and
 the Crown of *France* (for the same Reasons)
 that

that of the *Prinzesse Nicols*; his *Altesse* of *Lorain* had his Interest too, not to let the *Prinzesse Nicols* at Liberty to marry with any other, till she were past estate of bearing children, lest some foreign Prince having issue by her, might claim the Dutehie in their right, to the Exclusion of the issue of his own House, if not of his own Body. This, Madam, I could not but represent to your Highnesse consideration, that you might perceive how all the world (not only there but here) is govern'd by Interest and Reason of State; in spite of Justice and Innocence. Meantime, for my part I can only assure your Highnesse, that I have none, nor ever had other Ambition, than only (Madam) to declare upon all occasions how much I am
 Your Highnesse most humble, &c.

XII

To Sir J. S. from Rome, Anno 45.

In answer to his News of the Scots coming into England.

Noble Sir,
 Give you humble thanks for your News, and if it were not an homely complement, could wish it better for your sake: since if I be not deceiv'd, (as I shall never be, in thinking too well of a Scotch Presbyterian) they come but
 into

into *England* with their Arms, as *Butlers* doe at *Chriftnas* with their Cards, to set you a playing, that all the Gains may come to their *Box* at last; for if you remember, they have much to retaliate with the *Engls*, both for injuries and benefits; of the first sort are our often Inrodes into their Country, and the deadly fewd of the Nations; of the second are our assisting them to change Religion, and Rebell against their lawfull Prince; Now, if they should have a mind to be quit with us, I know not whether twere not better have them Enemies than Friends. And thus much for your *Newes*. Now for ours, I'll tell you a pleasant passage hapned here about the Book you sent, in front or title thereof was a *Dove*, with an Olive branch in the mouth, and the word or motto, *Holy Innocence be blest*, (which if intended by the *Scots*, might better have been a Vulture, with its prey i'th' mouth, and this motto, *Curst be their Rapine*) which coming in conjuncture with his Holinesse *Innocent* the Tenth's assumption to the *Papacy*, whose Arms are a *Dove*, with an Olive branch in the mouth, 'twas interpreted as a prophecy of him, so ridiculous they are, wherefore prethy come up to *Rome*, that we may laugh at them, I being in mighty want of one, as *Cicero* says, *Cum quo dicitur rideam*, that may laugh learnedly with me; for these *Italians* here are such wise men at home, and such Fools abroad, as they know nothing out of *Italy*, though they pre-

end to know every thing : And for the place, 'tis a common saying, that to like *Rome*, one must be either very vertuous or very vicious : if so, I am neither, for I swear I like it not. Good meat there is, delicious wine, and excellent fruit ; but that is the *Climats* vertue, and none of theirs. Give me good Company, good Natures, & good Mirth, & the Devil of any such thing they have here, all being for their Interest, and conserving their *Individuums*, I never hearing a hearty Laughter since I came, nor seeing a smile but from one end of the mouth to th'other. In a word, when you have seen their Ruins, you have seen all here ; for all their antient Virtues, like their antient Structures, are faine to ruine : and for Generositie and Magnificence, it seems to have dyed with the last *Pope*, for now there's none left alive ; Yet do your *Cardinals* (I'll say that for them) live like great Princes as to the Exterior, with great trains of Coaches, *Staffieres* and other dependancies ; but examine their Interior ; and you'll find, while their Bodies inhabite whole Acres of Palaces, their souls in their straight narrow bosoms are stifled for want of Room. And thus much for the better sort ; for the other, I must confesse they are the civillest, and farthest from Quarrel in the world, (thanks to their cowardise) so as saying but *con licenza*, you may pluck them by the Noses, tread upon their Soes, or do any thing but touch their money or their Wives, and they'll tell ye, *Vostre Signorie*

maior e patrono. In fine, with the old you shall hear nothing but *quattrini* in their mouths, and with the young *Palama*, yet with all these Vices, if you'll believe them, there ar no where in the world more *Virtuoso's* than here; for if an *Ape* do but his tricks well, or an *Ass* leap thorough a Hoop, they call him a *Virtuoso* strait. But you'll say this is an odd way to invite you hither; wherefore I'll take an other way, and tell you there is no Town nor Country in the World better Govern'd than this, nor where there's more variety to satisfie the Curious, where one of your Religion lives more free, nor one of your knowledge better improves himself, (their very streets being as learned and full of Erudition, as others Histories) Every wall is a Monument, and the stones of more than a thousand years standing, stand up in testimony of their Religion, of the Truth of which, though there were no other Argument, yet twere enough to convince any Rational man, that it must needs be that Church and Religion our blessed Saviour promis'd perpetuity unto, since in so great corruption of manners it stands still, and falls not to the ground, while so many others, who pretend to more vertue and morality of life, are wholly perisht and decay'd.

Farwell, and prithy come up (I say agen) that we may laugh, for I have great need of it.

Yart, &c.

XIV.

To the Lord Marquis Camillo Bagni,
from Rome, Anno 45.

Declaring unto him the nobleneß of N.

My Lord,

SINCE you did me the honour to make me of your Confidence at *Bruxelles*, 'tis but Justice I make you my Confident from hence, and discover t^e ye a noble piece of bravery of the Admirable person we both Admire so much, yet can never Admire enough.

Know then, that I lately receiv'd from Mad. de. B. a Letter of Exchange, in so obliging terms as none but her own words can expresse them, and therefore *verbatim* I send them here.

"Sir, I esteem more this occasion than to
"have found a Treasure, as in effect 'tis one
"for to oblige ones Friends. You may give this
"inclosed to Monsieur d' *Armenecourt*, who
"will make no difficulty to deliver you the sum
"therein exprest, neither does he know where-
"fore 'tis, but may imagine I owe it you. I let
"you understand this, because I know every
"one is not willing to have these things
"known. In fine, I deal with you, as I
"would another should doe by me, if I were in
"your place.

Words so nobly obliging, and so worthy
of

of Eternal memory, as if ever any thing I write may last, 'twill be for having inserted them in my Writings, every word that proceeds from her, being a certain charm against forgetfulness; But I forget in the mean time to tell you how I have seen the Marquese your Sister here, who complains of your forgetfulness of her; whence it seems that charm has rather a particular than a general influence. Pray oblige me to let you hear from you by the next, and esteem me ever, as really I am, for

Your Lordships most humble, &c.

XV.

*To Count Salazar, from Rome
Anno 46.*

*On the taking Piombino and Porta
Longona.*

My Lord,

I Congratulate (with all my heart) your new Accession of honours, and wish that *Goulden Key* you have lately received in *mercede* from his *Catholique Majesty*, may but serve to open you the door to many and greater, &c. The taking of *Piombino* and *Porta Longona* hath occasioned many rumours here amongst the *Italians*, to the disadvantage of his *Majesty* of

Spain, to stop the mouths of whom, in imitation of *Boccaccio* (a way much taking heed) I have made and published this following.

Lusus Hispaniae, & Galliae.

A *Spaniard* and *Frenchman* playing in *Italy*, the *Spaniard* played negligently, as one who had much to lose, and was too confident perhaps he could never lose it all; whilst the *Frenchman* like a cunning Gamester, knowing all the slights and advantages of play, had suddenly won of the *Spaniard Piombino*, and *Porta Longona*, he esteeming the one no more than a leaden token, and the other but only as a nest of Rocks, for a few ships to harbour in: But the *Italian* standing by, who had learnt (of the Jews perhaps) to estimate things on another manner (*In detaille*, not in *grosse* as did the *Spaniard*) thought it a mighty matter, and wondred at the others negligence, as you might perceive by the often casting up his eyes, lifting up his hands, shrugging his Shoulders, and crying out *Caput* ever and anon, inclining toward the *French* party by degrees, in wishing him good luck, (as your *Rooks* do always to those who win) and seeming much to rejoyce in his good fortune; but seeing no *Baratta* coming in, as when the *Spaniard* won, his joy began to cool, and he was a little out of countenance, when that

which put him quite out, was this Reproach made to him by the *Spaniard*.

Thou silly penurious *Italian*, that beginning with Quatrins, counts a *Julis* thy blood, a Teston thy Livelihood, and a Crown thy soul, with a heart and Brest narrow as thy country, that accounts *Massa* and *Moraco* two mighty principalities, & them Sovereign Princes, the one for being Lord and Master of some mile of Rock, with a *Portmo* bigger than a ducking Pond, and tother for having dominion of a Plain twenty Farmers in *Flandres* have bigger fields to feed their Oxen on; and for his marble of *Carrara*, it only shews how hard a Country *Italy* is, and how hardly you live in it, when Stones are the chiefest revenue of a sovereign Prince. Thou thinkst me now quit undone (I warrant thee) for losing two petty places, they afford no Place in the mapp of the world too, allowing no more to your *Italy* it self than a Flys wing can cover, whilst I am Lord of Territorys wearies the Sun to travel over, nor can he sooner end his journey on them in the *West*, but he begins it on them in the *East* again. Get thee a greater Book for shame, and leave thy *Hornbook* of *Italy*, if thou wouldst not be alwayes esteemed a *Baby* in the world, when thou wilt know this is nothing, and know thou know'st nothing too. Mean time, I would thou hadst felt the heaviness of the *French* yoke thou wouldst so fain bring on thy neck, that thou mightst find by Experience how light that of

the *Spaniard* is, which tho' w'dst so fain shake off; so he, when the *Italian* left off his insulting, and the *Spaniard* continued playing till he had won all agen.

As 'tis the wish and prophetic of

My Lord,

Your, &c.

XVI.

To the Princessse of Houghzollern, from
Rome, Anno 47.

Of his Irksom life at ROME, and hope he had
to revisit FLANDRES.

Madam,

MAY I not live, if I breath the Air of
Rome but only to sigh after that of *Flan-*
dres, I living here me thinks (wanting that
Company I had there) just like *Adam* out of
Paradise, among *Beasts*, having lost the blessed
conversation of *Angels*; for what comfort's
in a Heaven, where one never sees the Stars?
I mean those living Starrs I saw in the Hea-
ven of *Bruxelles*, without whom me thinks the
Sun at Noon-day is but *Cimmerian* darknesse,
for 'tis not the Eyes, but the Mind is cheared
with light. Whence 'tis that I converse more
with the dead than living here, (their antient
Statues and *Pictures* I mean,) and find
them

them far the better company of the two. And if for those few months of your Excellencies absence in *Holland* I liv'd so melancholy a life, my Lute being silenc'd, and I never appearing in *Park* but like a walking ghost, or a body without a soul; Imagine Madam now how melancholly a Creature I am, and how I pine away, so far from you, and so long absent. One thing comforts me, that by all Prognostickes both there and here, I conjecture my Absence now cannot be long from thence; When but conserve for me (Madam) your good Graces, and I shall be more happy than before, the more of unhappinesse I have experienc'd since; None knowing better the benefit of health, than those who have been sick; nor relishing prosperity better than those who have tasted adversity before, as has in being deprived of your sight,

Madam,

Your, &c.

XVII:

To the Count Salazar, from Genoa,

Anno 48.

Of the Reduction of *NAPLES*, and some passages concerning it.

My Lord,

OF the Reduction of *Naples*, I gave you advertisement by my last from *Rome*, from whence I departed just upon the advice there, Embarquing in the Popes Gallies at *Civita Vecchia*, together with the Marquisses *Jean Baptista*, and *Felice Mario*, with the Marquesse *Spinelli*, recommended particularly to them by the Marquesse *de Buffalo*, and treated by them with all noble courtesie: Our Navigation being so speedy, and prosperous, as in lesse than three days we arrived at *Genoa*; on the way we met with the Duke of *Tursi* coming from *Naples*, who confirmed all I writ unto you, as did likewise your Ambassadour Signior *Roncilio* at *Genoa*, we conferring Letters together, and he making solemn bonfires for the news; yet do the *French* report the contrary, the best Architectures in the world of false rumours, when it makes for their advantage, as does this, they knowing how 'tis only the first reports of ill news, that dismayes, astonishes, and disanimates, which

which if you can divert and damp a while ; people are nothing near so struck and startled with it afterward ; which false rumours I tracked from the very Fountain, finding them on the *Friday* after, the day before the General Postday ; impoysoning with it all the publique places of *Rome* , from whence news is derived, and flows abroad in the World.

The Copy of that Letter Count de Ogniate thought fit to make use of, to injealouse the Neapolitans, upon the arrival of the Duke Guise , as written from France intercepted and interpreted, is thus.

“ Behold the best sport in the world for us,
 “ our Enemies fighting against our Enemies; to
 “ prevail our selves of this occasion, you must
 “ be sure to keep the parties so equally ballan-
 “ ced, one mayn't destroy tother, but with its
 “ own destruction ; wherefore if you find the
 “ *Neapolitan* too weak, you may strengthen
 “ them with small succours ; if too strong, you
 “ may weaken them, with drawing them out
 “ in small factions, ever keeping your main de-
 “ sign secret, till they be both so weakned, you
 “ may easily make an absolute conquest of ei-
 “ ther ; Let the Duke of *Guise* then be precau-
 “ tioned by the Duke of *Alansons* ill successe at
 “ *Antwerp* , In discovering his designs too
 “ soon, and allaruming them by it, to unite
 “ forces as against a common Enemy ; whence
 “ I wonder why he proclaimes so loud his de-
 “ scendency from the house of *Anjou* ; enough
 “ to

"to waken their jealousies, that he intends
 "to set on foot the Title of that house again;
 "pray let him be advised of it. More Instru-
 "ctions you need not; all being compriz'd in
 "this only, that you look upon the *Neapolita-
 "ns* as wild beasts, that may be *subdued*, but
 "never *tamed*.

This published amongst them work't such
 effect, as out of this Letter they sinisterly inter-
 preted all the Duke of *Guizes* Actions, every
 thing he did, stumbling them afterwards, just
 like *French* Posthorses, who stumbling once,
 never leave running headlong till they be
 down. Thus you see (My Lord) how little
 things sometimes (which History never menti-
 ons) confer mainly to the performance of
 greater ones; and the smallest occasions as
 hinges sometimes serve to turn the world; No
 more; but my most humble service, and best
 respects to your self, your Noble Lady, and
 Monsieur *Reçourt*, &c. being

Your Lordships most, &c.

The

XVIII

To the Lord Thomas Somerset from
Marseilles, Anno 47.

Of his Voyage and return out of ASIA.

My Lord,

I Have travail'd farther than ever *Ulysses* did,
since I left *Italy*, and had the honour to see
you last; yet write *Odysses* of my travails he
that list, for I have nothing of rare or parti-
cular to write, but what has been heard of a
hundred times before: For that little then I
have seen of *Asia*, the Isles of the *Archipela-
go*, the *Dardanelles*, *Pontus Euxine*, and the
Helespont, &c. consult *Sands*, and others
travails (if you please) where you shall find
them accurately and at large set down; for me,
Ile only say of *Constantinople*, that for an Im-
perial seat, 'tis one of the noblest Cities I e-
ver saw, situated on two Seas with its two
feet *Collossean* like, treading on *Asia* and *Eu-
rope*, nor did I ever see truer bravery, or grea-
ter gallantry than there, every one wearing
such various coloured silks, with swelling
Turbans, and flowing garments, as their
streets appear just like *Tulipp* Gardens, whilst
ours (with so many's wearing black) appear
just like *mortuary* houses, all mourning for the
dead: Here finding no commodity of voya-
ging

ging farther *Levant*, the Seas being all obstructed by reason of the *Venetian* wars, after some two or three week residence, I returned again in a *French* Bottom, and am at last arrived at *Marseilles*, where I am now on point of Embarquing for *Spain* on an *English* Vessel having only Time from my necessary preparatives, to assure you my Lord, that as there is none I am more obliged to than your self, so there is none who can with greater verity say that he is,

My Lord

your, &c.

XIX

To the Lord Charls Dudley, Prince of the Empire, &c. from Lisbon, Anno

48.

Of his Sea Voyage from *PROVENCE* to *POR-
TUGAL*.

My Lord,

IF he that's at charges of setting forth the Ship has right to the voyage it makes, Certainly your *Lordship* has right to the relation of all the passages of my voyage, who was at charges of setting forth the Passenger. You may please to understand then, that the same day

day I parted from you at *Marseilles*, I met
 at *Toulon* with the Captain of our Ship, with
 whom I went to *Eres*, where our Ship lay at
 Anchor; Nor am I so great a contemner of
Vanitie, but I confesse I took a little, to find
Fame, like a *Harbinger* flown thither before
 me to take up my Lodgings; whilst all the
 Town was taken up for Lodgements of Soul-
 diers, the *Dean* o'th' chief Church meeting
 me, and knowing me by the fame he had
 heard of me at *Marseilles*, courteously offer-
 ing me Lodging in his house; The next day
 the wind turning fair, we imbarqu'd, and mer-
 rily sayl'd along the Coast of *Provence*, find-
 ing the Gulph of *Lyons*, so furious to others,
 as gentle as a *Lamb* to us; yet had we so fresh
 a gale of wind, as in 4 or 5 dayes sayl we had
 left the coast of *France*, *Catalonia*, and *Valen-*
tia behind, and were now where the Mediter-
 ranean (like a wide Vessel with a narrow neck)
 began to streighten a little, betwixt *Minorca* &
Murcia, when one Evening tacking once or
 twice about to hale up the beck or spur of a
Galley, driving on the waves (the reliëts of some
 wrack perhaps) we might perceive two great
 ships chasing us, when we needing no more
 spurs, clapt on all the *Canvas* we could make,
 and fled away so fast before them, as our *chase-*
rs perceiving they followed us in vain, gave
 o'r their *chase* about the shutting in of the
 Evening, and fell to Seaward of us; when full
 glad and joyful were we, but 'twas but a short

Joy and Gladnesse, for the next morning by break of day two *Turkish* Gallies from a nest of Rocks (where they ordinarily sculk, called the *Collybre* on the Spanish coast) made towards us again, neither could our best defence of flight avail us now, the Sea all becalm'd, and winds breathlesse (as we were our selves for fear, our ship though call'd the *Hercules* being of small defence, since *ne Hercules contra duos*, what is *Hercules* against two?) whilst those Catterpillars the *Galleys* on their Oares, as on so many feet, made towards us again, at which we looking about us, (as People in danger do, who would be glad to run away) might espy a far off those two ships had given us the chase o'r night, which comforting us not a little, we gave them a warning-piece (at all adventures) to advertise them of our danger; when presently we might behold them tack about, and make up towards us, which the *Turks* and we joyntly perceiving, we suddenly chang'd minds (*Fear* departing from us to them, and *Courage* from them to us) and they of *chasers*, now becom our *chase*, whilst we encompassing them with our three Ships, as *Hunters* with their *Tails* doe wild Beasts, or so many *Greyhounds* would a *Hare*, gave them a turn or two, now from the *Spanish* Shore towards *Barbary*, and now back agen, till at last they escap'd away before us, on the strength of their Oars, whilst our flagging sayls seem'd to chide and murmur at the winds deserting them.

This

This danger past, we hal'd out our Boat, and went aboard the other ships, to thank them for their timely Aid, whom we found to be two *Holland* men of warre (the *Tergoose*, and the *Lewarder*.) part of a Squadron whose Admiral was in *Portugal*, sent out with expresse Commission to scour the Seas of *Turks* and *Pirats*, with the Vice Admiral of whom I presently making Acquaintance, he easily invited me along with him to *Lisbon*, (I being not secure in the other Ship where I was,) so altering my course from *Spain* to *Portugal*, and changing ships, I began a new Voyage on Sea, without ever going to Land. Thence we sail'd along the *Spanish* coast from *Cape* to *Cape*, escaping a little danger nigh *Capo de Pales* (of driving on Land) our Cable sheering whilst we lay at Anchor there, to make provision of fying in a Juniper wood nigh *Carthagene*) the King of *Spain* being not more absolute Lord on Land, than we were on his Seas, haling all ships in keen of us, every one contributing somewhat to us of Sea provisions, til at last drawing nigh the *Streights*, the shore now on both sides affording us a delightfull prospect, betwixt the steep Rocks of *Gibraltar* on the *Spanish* coast, and the Embattaild walls of *Zeuta*, situated on the high Mountains on the *Barbary* shore; in less than 5 or 6 hours we pass'd all the streits, and out of the *Mediterranean* Sea past into the *Grand Ocean*, when steering our course directly towards *Portugal*, within som two days after we

arived at *Cascais* in the mouth of *Lisbon* Road, where I landed some 5 or 6 weeks after my depart from *Provence*, and took leave of my *Hollander*, who had treated me most courteously and nobly all the way; neither did I ever meet with any of that Nation more a Gentleman than he.

Of his Arival to LISBON.

And now behold me (my Lord) safely arrived in *Portugal* at *Cascais*, some twelve *English* miles from *Lisbon*, where the Governour (besides the ordinary vice of that Nation, the foolisher the wiser they pretend to be) would needs play the States-men, and be wiser than the *Truth*, in suspecting me for some Spie, or else come thither upon some great design, and so presently he sent me to *Lisbon* with a Souldier along with me, with express order not to leave me till he had deliverd me to the Secretary of State, who being altogether as great a *Politician* as my Governour, made great difficulty of my stay in the Country, till spying my *Lute*, the suspicion I was a Musician, as *clavis clavem pellit*, soon drove out of his head the suspicion that I was a Spy: so lodging me by way of Caution in an *English* Gentlemans house, a great Confident of the Kings, till he might inform his Majestie of me (who being an excellent Musician, was covetous of knowing all Strangers of that profession) He no sooner understood of my arival, but

but he sent for me to Court, and was so well satisfied with me, as continuing my Lodgings in Mr. *John Muley's* the same *English Gentleman's* house, than which the whole Town afforded not more noble accommodation, The next day he sent for me again, where after some two or three hours tryal of my skill, (especially in the composative part of Musick, in which his Majesty chiefly exceeded) I past *Court Doctor*; though *Don Emmanuel Sr.* Grand Chamberlain to the King, swore 'twas rather a tryal for a *Doctor* in an *Universitie*, than a Gentleman in the Court. After this, his Majestie was pleased to assign me a certain *Cavallier* of th' Order, to whom I was to ad-dresse my self for Audience and accesse to his person as often as I pleas'd. Meantime, *Regis ad exemplum*, I was lookt upon with particular regard by all, passing most of my time in Mr. *Muley's* Kinta, or Garden house some three or four *English* mile from *Lisbon*, whose Amenity I cannot better set before your Eyes, than in this following Copy of Verses.

*Where in a Vale near Tagus Golden side,
Through all the World renowned far and
wide,
Though now for Silver waters famed more
Than e'r it was for Golden sands before;
Circled with fruitfull Olives, Vines, and
Corn,
As Pallas, Ceres, Bacchus, there were born,*

*A Kinta stands so situated it has
 Resort unto't of every Rurall Grace,
 (And Rurall Graces are in Summer far
 Jollier than those of Towns in Winter ar)
 Whose fairest Garden's planted round with-
 all*

*Those Trees wee fruitfull and delicious
 call,*

*As Orange, Lymon, Apricock and Peach,
 (whose ruder sides do Nymphs their blushing
 teach)*

*Silk animating Mulberies, spreading wide,
 Pomegranads, Figs, and hundred more beside,
 Under whose leaves the Sun-shine all the day
 Delights with dancing beams to sport and
 play,*

*Whilst to its walks each cooling wind dos come,
 To assuage the Calenture o'th' burning Sun.*

*Here, whilst I often us'd to make resort,
 To quicken the dull pleasures of the Court,
 One day my Muse (that ne'r in any place
 More present to me, nor propitious was,)*

*Appear'd to me in all her best aray,
 And thus to th' Kinta's Glory bid me say,
 How all the Gardens of th' Hesperides,
 Semiram's pensil' ones, Alcinous'es,
 Lucullus's, nor Seneca's to boot,*

Compar'd but unto this, were nothing too'r.

XX.

To Doctor Hart at Rome, from Lisbon, Anno 48.

Concerning some reports of him at ROME.

Deer Doctor,

Here are some places, as some persons, better agreeing with our Genius and disposition than others; and if ever there were any that agreed not with mine, 'twas Rome, where one cannot stand without supplanting, speak without Caution, nor live without extreme Industry, all is Insidioulness, all shoving and shouldring, and all solliciting, making businesse of every thing, and then following close that businesse; which considered, 'tis no wonder I never agreed with it, nor it with me: Nor need I goe so far as the stars with the *Astronomer* to find the cause of it; for when good fortune falls, I cannot crowd and shewe to catch it; I had rather be silent than be solicitous what to say, nor am I busie body enough to have a head fit for businesse, and for Industry 'tis not in my Nature, nor I can no more change my disposition of mind, than my lineaments of body. This I say, to let you know, that as I liv'd, so I came a discontented person from Rome, which I declare on every occasion,

so 'tis true (what is reported of me) that discoursing one day here with his Majesty of *Portugal*, and he demanding of me how Arts flourish at *Rome*, I (betwixt malicious and merry) answered, that as those Arts his Majesty favour'd *Regis ad exemplum*, were the study of the *Portugal* Courtier, so all at *Rome* studied the *Popes* Arts, which was *Herding up of money*, and nothing else. And though I wonder how his *Holynesse* came to understand this, there being scarce four persons in the Cabinet beside the King and I when 'twas spoke, yet I am glad he did, it being necessary Princes should know, that their better lives live by the breath of Strangers, and their Fames can no more fly out of their own Territories and Dominions without obliging them, then they can voyage by Sea, or travail by Land, without some *Vehicule* to transport them, their own Subjects being but as their own leggs, whilst strangers as those *ships* and *montures* which easiliest and best can do it. And thus much for that, for the rest dear Doctor hold me alwayes

Tour, &c.

To the Countesse of Berlamont, *Ann*
48.

where he merrily describes his life at LIS-
BON.

Madam, &c.

I Am not yet so heavenly minded, to count
all the world a Prison, but I no longer ad-
mire those that doe, since really, I count my
self as absolutely in Prison here, in not being
able to goe out of this Kingdom, for *Flanders*,
as ever any did in a common *Gaul*; for tis not
the bignesse of the place, but the restraint that
makes the prison, so they are as much Priso-
ners who are in the *Bois de Vincent*, as
those who are in the *Dungeon*. To de-
scribe unto you my prison, and my company
in't (that you may pittie me) I am here in
Lisbon, a City of but 9 or 10 mile about, all
built upon Hills and Dales, rising just like the
great Billows of the *Ocean* (when you are in
the bottom, and wonder at the vastnesse of
one, passing that, you find another as vast to
wonder at) there I have a Garden no bigger
than your Park at *Brussels* (to walk in, and
take the air) where ther's all sorts of fruit the
East or West *Indias* can afford, or the Nor-
thern or Southern climate of the world produ-

ces, Figs that make beccoficos of men, and Melons both red and green, beyond their Marmalads for meltingness; but alas, what are these unto your *Pompions*? Now for my Company I have none but such, one would be ashamed to keep company withall; The King here a man of no estate, but only besides the Kingdom of *Portugal* and the *Algarves* in *Europe*, Lord of two or three Kingdoms in *Affrique*, of the Western Islands, the *Maderas*, the Isles of *Capo Verde*, *St. Thoma*, the Empire of *Goa* in the East Indies, and of *Brasil* in the West, alone bigger than all *Europe* together, poor things God wot, that with good Husbanding might only yeeld about 9 or 10 millions every year.

Now to describe unto you his person, and the *Queens*: the *King* is an honest plain man, changing nothing of the *Duke of Braganza* by being King of *Portugal*; faring as homely as any *Farmer*, and going as meanly clad as any *Citizen*, neither did he ever make use of any of the Crown Wardrobe, since he came unto the Crown; his ordinary Exercise is *Hunting*, and *Musick*, never omitting the first every *Monday*, not the second every day after dinner, for any business. But for the Queen, she has more of the Majestick in her, and if she be not King, her Ambition 'twas that made the King; She has a goodly presence, a stately Gate, and uses the *Trowel* in painting, with better reason than other Ladies do the *Pencil*, having

having an *Eclipse* makes one side of her face
 reder than the other (like the sunny side of
 fruit) did not her painting make both sides
 red alike. For Prince *Theodosio* her eldest Son,
 he is a Pr. of great expectation, learned, and
 of great wit and courage, of person tall and
 slender, about some 18 years of age. And this
 is all Madam I can say of their Persons, as all
 I desire should be said of mine, is, that I am

Madam

Tour &c.

XXII

To Mademoiselle de Beauvais, from
 Lisbon, Anno 45.

Mademoiselle,

YOU will wonder, that having seen the
Court of the world, in *Paris*, *Rome*, and
Constantinople; the *City* of it, in *Venice*, *Genoa*,
 and *Lisbon*; the *Garden*, in *Provence*, *Anda-*
luzia, and *Italy*; and the *Paradise* of it where
 you are, that I should now go see the *Desart*
 and *Wildernesse* of it in *Affrique* and *America*,
 the one (all the Coast along) nothing but
 barren sand, and the other where I am going
 (the *Brasils*) all overgrown with woods and
 Trees; And that too in midst of so great de-
 sire to return for *Flanders*, as never any thing

was more ardently desired; but when you hear my reasons for it, you will absolve me, Mademoiselle, I'm sure of Legerity or change of resolution.

Be pleased to know then, that just upon point of my Embarquement for *Flanders*, understanding of the losse of the Battail of *Lens*, I thought it no ways fit to render the joy I hop'd to conceive at sight of my friends in *Flanders* abortive by their general sadnesse there; Wherefore casting about for some diversion for a year or so, till your losses might be recovered or forgot, there opportunely offered it self unto me, the voyage of *Brasil*, which having propos'd unto the King (without whose permission no stranger can undertake that Voyage) his Majesty not only gave me permission, but 200 Crowns *à titre de costa* for my voyage, when a hundred other considerations began to encourage me to the undertaking it (besides the ardent thirst I had of voyaging, which nothing but the whole ocean could quench) first having seen so many rarities of the *Brasils* in *Portugal*; I thought it worthy my voyage thither to fetch you some of them. 2ly. According to the antient expiation of fire and and water, I thought it fit to passe whole Oceans, and the Torrid zone, before I approacht unto your presence. 3ly. Having somewhat in me of the Philosopher

and

and Astrologer, I imagined it richly worth my journey, to see the *stars* of the other *pole*, and nature of the other *Hemisphere*. And lastly my desire of seeing all the world is so insatiate (whether the more one sees of it, the less he is satisfied, or that it satisfies so much, as one has still a desire of seeing more) as just like another *Alexander*, not thinking one world sufficient, I am seeking another forth; Mean time (Madamoiselle) your goodnesse will pardon this presumption of mine (who ought not to stir out of one Room into another without your permission) that I dare presume to goe out of one world into another without your Licence, being as I am

Madamoiselle,

Your, &c.

XXIII.

To the same. Anno 48.

Of his Sea Voyage from Lisbon to the
BRASILS.

SOME week after we set sayl at *Lisbon*, we arriv'd at the *Madera's* (one of the *Affrique* Ilands) where landing at *Funchal* (the chief City, or *Bishops* seat) we were kindly entertain'd by the Merchants there, contending in
Hospita-

Hospitalitie who should first lodge and entertain us, (as the manner is, where provisions are plenty, and Strangers rare) here we staid some 4 or 5 dayes feasted and regaled every day, and presented at our departure with the rarities of the *Ile*, they making the best *confectures* in the world, both for dry and wet, *Sugar* growing there in great abundance, and their *Wines* surpassing for *Generous* all that ever I tasted yet: when prosecuting our voyage, after a few dayes sayl we had a sight of the *Canaries* or Fortunate Ilands, where under the *pick* of *Teneriff* we lay some dayes becalmed, it being one of the highest mountains in the world, all green unto the Top, and of so equal an Ascent, that those of *Babel* might have innocently built their *Tower* there, secure from *Deluge*, and did it extend it self a little higher, one could not imagine a more pleasant nor easier passage unto Heaven. From thence we sayl'd along the coast of *Affrique*, towards the Ilands of *Capo verde*, which we past without touching at them, the Air being generally held *unwholsom*, but at that Season *Infectious*; after which, steering our course Westward towards the *Brasils*, and once past all comerce the land has with the Sea, of common air, and repercussion of waves, &c. we had the pleasantest Voyage as could be imagined, no storms, the Winds (which surely on those Seas blow all from Land) hardly having breath enough (for the long Voyage they had made)

to fill our sayls, and the air so pure, as in comparison with the pleasure of it there, it seemes as *paine* to breath on Land, where the air is stuffing, suffocating, and noisom, tainted as it passes with Ordures and Filth, (there being few Countreyes like *Arabia*, affording more sweets than stench) whereas that of the Sea comes purely (as it were) drayn'd and purified by the Sun-beams, as it passes to the fence. Then for other pleasures, you have none on *Land*, but we had some at Sea to equal it; and to begin with the most incredible, Hawking and Hunting, (besides Fishing) we had perpetually for more than a moneth together. Our ship being all incompass with *Dorado's* or shining Fishes (somewhat like *Dolphins*) hunting the Flying Fishes, which you might see on Top of the water, fluttering to escape, and the *Dorado's* bounding to overtake them, till being hard pursued, and so near prest, as they were in danger to be ta'n, the poor flying Fish would get on wing, and flying one danger, incurre another; for a flight of Sea fowl (call'd *Booby's* by the *English*) followed us all the way hovering in the air, in expectance of their prey, seeing the flying fish on wing, would stoop at them, and each one singling out one, flye them to a mark. Then for Fishing, our Mariners had but only to choose out their *Dorads* (as a good Woodman would a Dear) and strike him straight with his *Fisgigg* (or Dart with

with many barbed heads) never failing of their
 Cast, and this furnished us with fresh Fish all
 the time, it being excellent meat, short and
 crisp like our *Salmons*, and much like them in
 bignesse; which being ta'n, strange it was to
 behold the curious colours of its scales, fading
 by degrees, as death won on life, (just as the
 skies colour does when night comes on) till
 quite dead it became all black, with good rea-
 son, it putting on mourning for its death,
 whose life had cloath'd it in such rich and glit-
 tering colour. An other sort of Fish we took
 call'd the *Shark* or *Tuberon*, black and great
 as a *Porpoise*, with terrible long Teeth, huge
 wide jaws, and so ravenous; as at a bit 'twould
 snatch a *Legg* or *Arm* away of any it found
 swimming in the Sea; these have certaine
 little Fishes called the *Pilot Fish*, cleaving
 to them so fast by a *Fynn* o'th' top of the
 head; you can hardly separate them by any
 force; they have great heads, some spans
 long of body, and are excellent meat. Nor
 wanted we the pleasure of Gardens too at Sea,
 the Ocean (for many hundred miles from
 Land, and many miles together) being all
 cover'd over with a certain *Green*, so thick
 as the Ship could hardly make way thro-
 rough it, with many *Gridiline* Flowers be-
 sides like our *Crocus's*, rendring it a
 most delightfull Spectacle. Then for o-
 ther prospect, do but behold the rising
 and setting *Sun*, and you should see a

hundred several forms and figures, like your
 scenes in Masques and playes, with lights be-
 hind them, reflecting them to the Eye, and
 betwixt light and shadow, setting them off
 more resplendently to the view. For other
 commodities and delicacies you have on Land,
 we wanted none, Our great Cabines being
 large as your Chambers, our Beds as commo-
 dious, our Decks spacious as your Galleries
 to walk in, our Kitchen our Sellars as well
 furnished, herds of Swine, flocks of Sheep,
 and Pullen of all sorts aboard, perpetually sea-
 feeding, nor wanted we Musick to our Feast,
 (besides an excellent set of Trumpets) the
 Mariners having some *Fiddles* amongst them,
 to which they often danc'd to delight the Pas-
 sengers. And thus sleeping, eating, drinking,
 and recreating our selves, we made our voy-
 age secure from storms, secure from Pirates and
 Enemies, till making Land about *Capo St.
 Augustine*, we might descry some 3 or 4
 sail which knowing to be *Hollanders* of
Fernambucca, and not willing to encoun-
 ter them, we steered to Seaward again,
 being that night overtaken by one of them,
 who allarm'd us as if their whole Fleet had
 made after us, appearing on every side of us
 with fiers on his main Mast, and about the
 waist of his ship perpetually burning (as a call
 seems for his Companions, if any were in
 sight) sayling away in the morning to find
 them out, and returning towards Evening,
 ever

(ever endeavouring like a Kite to snatch away our *Carvel* and *Pattachio*, which lay like Chickens close under our Wings) till at last about the height of *Baia*, it left us, despairing to meet any of their Fleet higher up, when holding on our course for the *Rio*, and sounding all the way, we found it a bold Coast, some 35 Fathom all the way, with neither Flats nor Rocks, so passing by *Capo Frio* (so call'd from the excessive cold there, though under the Torrid Zone, and the climate on either side be exceeding hot) at last we arrived before the mouth of *St. Sebastians* Haven, where under a little Isle we cast Anchor, having in lesse than three moneths, deducting our stay in *Affrique*, made the voyage almost to the *Antipodes*, of 4 ships (as we were) and more than 4 hundred men, losing only one man in all the voyage; and here let me cast Anchor too, er' I prosecute my voyage.

*Of our arrival to St. Sebastians, or the
Rio de Ianaro in Brasil.*

Whilst we lay h re at Anchor, our *Mariners* Angling, took certain Fishes about the hignesse of *Rochns* or *Gurnets* which they call *Cunny Fishes* from their resemblance of our *Cunnies* in face (but only they wanted Ears) with bellies all white and chequered, which swell'd just like blown bladders, when they had lain a while panting on the Hatches, then

were rank poison, as the *Portuguez* assured us, the Sea being full of divers other venomous Fishes, which renders the water unwholsom, as I experimented my self, when bathing me in it, I came out all faintish and ill-dispos'd, accusom'd to come out of other Seas more strong and vigorous. Mean time advertisement being given from the Fort unto the Town of our arival, they (perceiving us to be frends) sent divers Boats and *Canoes* forth to welcom us, and bring us aboard all sorts of fresh provision and fruits of the Country. Their *Midsummer* being our *Mid-winter* here. Amongst the rest, having Pilots sent us to conduct us in, we weighed Anchor towards Evening, and with a gentle Brize or gale from Seaward, blowing constantly every Night from Sea, as every Morning it does from Land. We entred the Bay betwixt two mighty Rocks some mile assunder (the one (from its form) call'd the Sugar loaf) when having past the Fort some mile or so, beyond the Entrance of the Bay, we discover'd the pleasantst prospect in the world for natural Landchap, of the *Rio* or Lake some twenty mile or more about, all rusted with Green Islands, some a mile about, some more, some lesse, the Town situated on the left hand, some 2 or three mile beyond the Fort, where was safe harbour for many hundred ships. Here ariving, and going on shore, I found a Lodging prepar'd for me, by the Fathers of the Company, with two *Mola-*

to's or Mungril Negro's to serve me, with my dyet from their Kitchin, just against my Lodging, whether by order from the King, the recommendations of the Governor (who came along with us) or the charity of the good Father I know not, but certainly 'twas so extraordinary an accommodation, as no money could have purchased the like, there being no *Innes* nor *Pensions* to lodge or eat at, as with us; all who frequent those parts being either Merchants, who lodge with their Correspondents, or Seafaring men, who lodge aboard, never any man like me before making that voyage merely on Curiosity.

Of Brasil in general.

Brasil, as 'tis confined by the *Ocean* on th' one side, and the Rivers of *Amazones* and *de Plato* on th' other, is a vast Continent, and far bigger than all *Europe*, the Climat is hot and moist, by reason of the abundance of Rain that falls there continually; yet are there no Rivers at all in the Country (but only those it is surrounded with) from whence any watry vapours should exhale. It has only some 4 or 5 Ports by which you may enter into the Country, all the rest o'th' shore being impenetrable, by reason of Rocks, and inextricable woods, for many hundred miles together, the Countrie seeming rather reserved

serv'd for the habitation of men hereafter, than ever to have been Inhabited heretofore; and one of these Ports was that we now entered.

Of the Town.

The Town of *St. Sebastians* is situate in a Plain some mile in length, bounded at either end with rising Hills, the inmost towards the Lake inhabited and inclos'd by the *Benedictins*, and the outmost towards the Sea by the *Fathers of the Company*; upon which hill was formerly situated the Antient Town (as the Ruins of houses, and the great Church, yet remaining, testify) till for the commodity of Traffique, and portation of Merchandise, 'twas by degrees reduc'd unto the Plain, their buildings being but low, and streets not above 3 or 4, the principal regarding the Haven. Behind the Town is a great plain some two mile over, part of it bushy, part woody, and part meadow ground, beyond which you find a Country so wholly different from ours, as there's not a Tree nor Plant, Bird, Beast, nor any thing you ever saw in *Europe* to be found, and to speak somewhat of each one in particular.

Of the Country.

The Country is for the most part all overgrown with wood, which the soyl, unforc'd since the Creation of the world had produc'd without culture, amongst which are some trees of such vast bignesse, as th'ar above 7 or 8 fathom in Diameter, and 70 or 80 high, of which they make *Canoes*, or Trees hollowed into *Boats* of 2 or 300 run. As for the *Brasile* wood, by excellency taking its denomination from thence 'tis but a shrub in comparison with the other Trees, much like our bigger sort of Hawthorn Trees. The Country is naturally hot and moist, by reason of frequent rains; whence in many places, where the moisture settles in the bottoms, you have meadow grounds, some 20 or 30 mile over, (seeming abandoned by those Trees, for not being firm enough to sustain the weight of their huge vast bulks.

Of the Fruit Trees, and Plants.

For Fruit Trees, besides wild Limons, which grow every wher in great abundance, the *Bona* no deservedly claims the first place, it being a Tree that from the root grows yearly up to the height of an ordinary *Plum* or *Cherry*-tree,

tree, and much about that bulk ; tis all green, the body being nothing but a collection of the leaves, which spread out towards the Top, and fall like plumes of Feathers, each leaf being some 6 foot in length, and 2 in breadth, on top of which, the fruit grows some 40 together in a bunch, in husks like Beans, all yellow when they are ripe, the fruit of colour and taste much like our *Apricock*, but much more firm and more delicious. For their *Cajnu*, it is a sort of Tree of the bignes of our ordinary Apple-trees, the leaves like chesnut leaves, and fruit much like the bigger sort of green Figs, fastned to the Tree in lieu of stalk, by certain Chesnuts, which roasted are excellent meat, the fruit eaten whole, melts all away to juice, exceeding cooling and refreshing, excepting certain strings which hang in your teeth, so tough, you cannot swallow them. The *Guaiver* is a certain Tree about the same height and bignesse, the Fruit is round and green, like to our *Nectarins*, but crushed, you finde a round red pulp within, about the bignesse of a *Bilyard* ball, eating like so many Strawberries moulded into a past. Another sort of Fruit they have call'd *Mamons*, growing like great green pears, some 20 or more in cluster on the top of the Tree, never ariving to the maturity of being eaten raw, but they make a good conserve. Limons, Oranges and Citrons they have in great excellence and abundance (which I suspect to have been transplanted thither at first)

and *Limas* of a mixt *Species*, betwixt the Orange and Limon, all round, with a bunch on the top, of a drier tast, & mor eager douce than either. Another Tree they have, of whose root dryed, and the moisture prest out of it (which is rank poison) they make their *farina de pan*, as they call it, which they use instead of bread, when fresh and recent, tis like the Crums of wheaten bread, and when stale, like powdered Oatmeal; by every ones Trencher they lay heaps of this, and though Bread (made of Corn, brought from *Portugal* and the *Western Islands*) be neither scarce nor dear, yet most of the Inhabitants rather eat of that. But above all, the *Ananaz* is one of the deliciousst Plants the Earth did e'r produce, it growing like an *Artichoke*, the leaves thick and sharply Indented, like those of *Sempervive*, thistly on the top, with a rind all scaly like the pine-apple, which paring off, you find the fruit of the bignesse of an ordinary *Meloon*, of a Golden colour, and distinguisht in Cells, like Oranges, which slicing and eating in wine (as 'twas affirm'd of *Minna*) every one finds that gust and tast in't, he is the most delighted with. *Meloons* they have too, both yellow and green, far better than those of *Europe* (though transplanted from thence perhaps at first) and *Botatos* in as great abundance as *Turnips* and *Carrots* are with us. To conclude, another Tree it has call'd the *Pinto*, which though no fruit Tree, yields them more profit,

profit than all the rest; growing most commonly in moist places like our Willow, the body growing *Cane-wise*, distinguished by several knots, out of whose poory sides, the branches issue forth in round, with their several falls rendring it so many stories high; of a delightful green, body and all, whose leaves being thick and filmy, they use to sleave and spin to what finesse they please; the grossest serving for *Hemp*, the middle sort for *Flax*, and the finer for *Silk*.

Of their Beasts.

For their beasts they are all strangely different from ours: The *Coty* has some resemblance to our *Hare*, but bigger, without Ears, and its back parts ending more bluntly towards the *Scut*, and of a redder colour than all the rest of the body: The *Tatoo* is, not much unlike our lesser sort of *Swine*, but 'thas a more swag belly, and longer snout. *Pigritas* they have, so called from the slownesse of their pace, so monstrous, as no Devil can be painted more horrible and ugly, all scally like the *Rhinoceros*, but more Serpent like, going so slowly, as it scarcely advances a pace a day: *Ounces*, *Tigers*, & *Leopards* they have too for wild-beasts, and for tame, Sheep, Swine, Goats and Oxen (all imported) and breeding there in so great abundance, especially

the latter sort (which they nourish both for food and service, to turn their sugar-mills) as the fathers of the Company have for their share (not far from the *Rio*) more than twenty thousand all grazing in one pasture. *Bugis* or *Apes*, they have in great abundance, most commonly all black with white faces, their tails *in spire*, turning inward, they smell sweet, and when they have done any mischief, will so hugg you, whistling lamentably with their mouths, as you cannot but pardon them; but above all, the prettyest Animal Nature ever made is the *Saguin*, about the bignesse of a little *Squirrel*, with long shag mains, and bushy tails, of golden colour (most commonly) fac't and banded like a Black-more, with small fingers and smirking countenances; peeping or squeeking like a Cricket when it craves, so as could it be but transported (as 'tis so tender and delicate, it commonly dies on change of air) all your Island *Shocks*, and *Bollenian* dogs would be banisht Ladies Laps and Chambers, and these be their sole Minions and Favourites.

Of their Fowl.

For their Fowl, they are all so beautifull in comparision with ours, as we may well say, Nature learnt her *colours* there, when she painted them; and that for Birds, whilst those

those of *Arabia* are call'd birds of *Paradise*, *Brasil* may well be called the *Paradise* of Birds. Amongst the rest the *Arara* is a certain Bird about the bignesse of a *Goshawk*, seeming a whole Garden of *Tulips*, every Feather being of a several colour, which beheld in Sun-shine, even dazle your Eyes, they are so bright & glittering; of these I had one I taught to speak like a Parrot, but in so grosse & big a tone, as you could not abstain from laughing to hear it; an other Bird they have call'd a *Canada*, differing from the *Arara* only in colour; its back and wings without being all *Azurine*, and breast and wings within of golden yellow: Others all jet black they have, with a stomacher of *Aurora* colour, borthered with Crimsen, others again all scarlet. In fine the ordinarest Bird they have, is the Parrot, of which they have hundred sorts; The *Parrachitos* about *May* coming thither in flocks, just like *Starrs* in other Countries, and are sold as cheap, & eaten as ordinarily as they. With the rarer sorts of all which beasts & fowl I had my Chamber furnished, during my stay in the Country, as *Sanguins* one or two, which I always carryed along with me, calling them my Pocket Lyons, out of which at meals they'd come, and on either shoulder one, take meat from my hands and mouth, of my kindnesse to which, I had an *Arara* was so jealous, as it never left importuning me with its *caresses*, now looking me in the face, and talking

talking to me, now climbing up my back, it being a good-natur'd Bird, having only this ill quality, to be alwayes pecking and tearing with its Bill what ever was next it, which makes your frugal *Portuguez*, or wholly banish them their houses, or provide them Iron Perches to exercise their Beacks on. Many other sorts of Animals I had, which all perished by Sea, my *Sanguins* by change of air, my *Arara's* drown'd, on which I made this following Epigram.

*Since thou so like unto the P. cenix wert,
In shape, in colour, and in every part,
That so unlike shou'd be your destiny,
That should by fire, thou shouldst by water die.*

Of their Insects, or lesser sort of Animals.

For their Insects, a certain little crab or cre-
vish they have, no bigger than *Beetles*, earth-
ed in banks of sand, as *Cunnies* are in Bur-
roughs, with one claw far bigger than the o-
ther, which makes them turn whirling about,
as other *Crabs* motions are *retrograd*: another
strange Insect they have the *Portuguez* call
Lobedio, or *Praise God*, as for some admirable
thing, as indeed this is; It being a certain a-
nimated stick, like the end of some small twig,
some fingers length, out of the joynts of which
there

there grow out leggs by pairs, on which it crawls, like walking Trefles, nor can you perceive any other life it has, nor any other part of living Creature; as Eyes, Mouth, &c. I finding one of them crawling on me as I walked forth into the Woods, which tyed with a Thrid, and fastned to a bough, I kept long time in my Chamber, not perceiving any sustenance it took, often peirring it, to find if it had any sence; it alwayes crawling in the the same manner about, until at last it vanished, I know not how; but that which molested me most of all, was a certain kind of animated dust, which insensibly ingenders to worms in your feet as big as Magots in a cheese, which unless they be carefully extracted, leave each one the seeds behind of a hundred more; these was I grievously tormented with for a month together, so as I could not stir, but as I was carryed in a *Hamatta*; nor did I ever know before, how near confining pain and pleasure was; I, at their first ingendring in my feet, being assaulted with so fierce an itch, as 'twas the greatest pleasure in the world to scratch it, which presently was succeeded by so intollerable a pain, as I never remember to have felt the like.

Of the Salvages, or Natives of Brasil.

Of the Natives or Inhabitants what shall I say

say, but if, as *John Baptista de porta* says, every Nation has resemblance to some certain beast or *Animal*, certainly these *Brasilians* are most like *Asses*, dull and phlegmatick, *in servitute nati*, and only fit for toil and druggery, which is the reason Nature perhaps provided that Country with neither Horse nor Ass, nor any beast of carriage or burthen besides themselves, yet are they rather squat than robust, with broad Bodies, and little Leggs, small Eyes, of fallow, sickly complexion, ill featured, with black and greezy hair, nor curl'd nor dangling, but flapping Ill-favouredly about their Ears, going for the most part all naked both Men and Women, with only some rag to hide their privy parts, which you would never desire to see, you are so disgusted with the rest, they being all *Christians*, but such, as put me in mind of that sentence of Holy Scripture, *Homines et Jumenta salvabis Domine*, that the Lord will save both Man and Beast; for surely they are both, having not wit enough to commit ingenious Vices, nor Temperance enough to abstain from brutal ones; and thus much for those who live among the *Portugals*, betwixt which and the other *Savages* I imagine there is as much difference as between wild Beasts and tame; neither can I believe what is reported of their fiercenesse, though all that is reported of their ferity I do, as their eating one the other, and having not so much as a word in their language, signifying nor

God, nor King, nor Law, for were they so fierce as 'tis reported, certainly they would never have yielded their Country up so tamely to the *Portugal*, nor suffer them to enjoy it so quietly as they do; But to return to my *savage Salvages*, I hired 4 of them for a journey I made by Land, to carry my *Hamatta*, whilst tother two ran Lacqueying by, which was on this manner. Your *Hamatta* is a certain cotton Net about the bignesse of a *Blancket*, drawn together at each end, and fastned by a strong Line to a Cane as big and long as a Colstaff, carryed on their Shoulders, where you sit or lye in what posture you please on a Boulster or Pillow, far more easily than in any *Litter* (the *Portuguez* men having a Negro carrying a *Parasol* or *Umbrella* to shadow them from the Sun, whilst the Women are shadowed and defended from publique sight, by some rich coverture thrown over the *Hamatta*, with two Negro Maids going by their sides, to help them up, and put on their *Choppinas* when the Net's laid down, and they rise to go out of it to any place, In one of these was I carryed some twenty miles a day, more or lesse, according as the way was more plain or mountainous, covenanting with my *Salvages* for a small matter in money, besides my finding them dyet, which was only a little *farina de pau* (or bread made of the root of a certain Tree, as we have said before) for the rest they rather finding me, for to our *Fari-*

we had ordinarily no other meat but Fish, of which at every plash of water where they came (but casting in their hooks) they took enough for twenty men, when we presently made fires upon the place, and broyl'd them, eating them astewards with the juyce of wild Lymons, growing every where in the woods; and this, with water for our drink, was all our sustenance, and for our lodging at night, we hung up our *Hamattas* betwixt two Trees, and there slept till morning, only along the Coast, in that tract which the *Portugals* have made to travel by Land from place to place, you sail not every second day at most to find some *Ross* or Country Farm of the *Portuguez* where for your money you are well accommodated with all sorts of pullen and fruit. One pleasure I had in passing through the woods, was to see the Trees full of *Apes* and *Parats*, (as if they had born no other fruit) one chaffing another with such noise and chattering, you could not hear one another speak, and you should see those *Apes* which had young, with 2 or 3 claspt about their neck, or hanging on their back, which they went thus luggering, till they waxed big, to catch which, the Natives would shoot the old ones with their Arrows (with which they are the best mark men in the world, considering what clouterly Bows and Arrows they shoot withall) when the old one tumbling down, the young for want of exercising their Legs, had

had not th' addresse to runne away.

Of the Commodities of the Country.

From my Voyage, I will return to speak of the Riches of the Country, chiefly consisting in their Sugar, which when I have named, I have named all; not that it wants others, but that it can want no others, having that, since that country which abounds with that commodity which all others have need of, can never want any commodity which others abound withall. For the rest, it produces neither *Corn*, nor *Wine*, nor *Salt*, which I attribute not so much to the difference of the Climate, as some politique reason to keep them with that necessary dependency on *Portugal*, to vent their commodities, and prevent revolt. Now for their Sugar thus it grows, and thus 'tis made; Their Sugar canes are prun'd to the heighth of standing corn: nor need they other culture, but every second year to cut them close by the roots, as we do *Osiers*, when against the next year they never fail to spring up agen, the flaggs of which Canes are of a pleasant green, and shew a far off just like a Field of Corn, which being ripe about the month of *June*, they joint them in pieces some foot long, and carry them to the Mill, turn'd by *Oxen*, or *Water*, consisting of two round *Cylinders*, about the bignesse of *Mil-posts*, plated

red with Iron, which turning inwards, and joyning as close together as they can meet, so squeez the canes in passing through them, as they come out on th'other side all bruized, and dry as *kegues*, which were all liquid before; which *Liquor* is conveyed by *Troughs* to certain *Caldrons*, wher'tis boyl'd, still retaining its *amber* colour, till powr'd out at last into their *forms* or coolers; with a certain *Lee* 'tis rendred white; And in these *Mills* (during the season of making Sugar) they work both day and night, the work of immediatly applying the canes into the *Mill* being so perillous as if through drowsinesse or heedlesnesse a fingers end be but engag'd betwixt the Posts, their whole body inevitably follows, to prevent which, the next *Negro* has alwayes a *Hatchet* readie to chop off his Arm, if any such Misfortune should arive.

Of the Starrs, and Heavens of the other Hemisphere.

I will conclude this Treatise of *Brasil* with a word or two of the *Starrs* of the other Hemisphere, garnisht with many *constellations* wholly unknown to us, of which the *Cruciero* or *Crosse* is the principalst, consisting of 5 or 6 *Stars* of the first magnitude, as bright as any in our Hemisphere; whose brightnesse, as with a foil, is set off the more by a great black cloud that's

that's continually under it, as is the whitnesse of the *Milky way* rendred more perspicuous, by a streak of black in the midst of it, tending towards the same *constellation*; both which, as also another great black cloud on th'other side the *Milkie way*, I observ'd at my being there, for more than six months continually: whence I concluded, 'twas the natural complexion of that sky (as ours is blew) to have much part of it black, which perhaps renders the people of that Climat far more melancholy than ours, which black clouds I much wonder none (as I know of) has observ'd besides my self, especially since there ar 2 white clouds not far from the *Cruciero* appearing always in the same posture and figure, so generally observ'd and known, as they are call'd *Nubes Magellanica*, from *Magellan*, who first discovered them. And thus much for *Brasilia* may suffice; In which, if I have been too long, you will perceive at least, I have made al hast I could away. There being nothing in the Country, besides the satisfying my curiosity, that could invite me to longer stay than whilst the Fleet was preparing, which in the beginning of *August*, the 8th month after our Arival there, was ready to depart, I being to Imbark on the Admiral *Don Rhoderigo d' Alencastro*, who nobly invited me to dyet and lodge with him in his own *Cabbin*.

XXIV.

To the Reverend Father John Pererio
of the Society of J. in Brasil,
Anno 50.

Reverend Father,

Till I can do't in deeds, you will please to accept of my thanks in words for al your noble favours in *Brasil*, by whose eurtessie twas that I not only lived there, but that my life in all my voyage has been prerogued ever since; for *Non vivere, sed bene valere vita est*, you know: and I can assure you I never far'd better than I did on ship-board with the General *Don Rodrigo d' Alancastro*, to whom you particularly recommended me, who lodg'd me in his own *Cabbin*, plac'd me at his table next himself, and not only made me companion alive with him, but would have don't in death too, If there had been occasion, (as we imagined, on sight of another Fleet, which afterward proved frends) when putting a Rapier in my hand, and arming me with a *Rondache* or Shield, he bid me (if we chanc'd to fight) keep alwayes close to him, that we might live or die together. So as (my dear F.) whilst others oblige as 'twere by chance, you only have the Art to do it, by linking benefit thus to benefit, till you make such a chain of it, as he must be

most

most ungratefull should not alwayes remaine
your Thrall; but that which your Modesty
will not hear from me, I hope shortly you shall
hear from the King himself, whom I have in-
formed since my Arival of the many favours I
received from you in *Brasil*, chiefly for his sake,
next to God; nor have I limited my Gratitude
only to this place, but I have written also to
Rome, that I might repay your curtesies the
sooner, the more I should call into contributi-
on to the debt, of which Letter behold the
Copy.

Ad Eminentissimum Card.

Fra: Barba. Anno 50.

Post suum ex Brasilia reditum:

Eminentissime Domine,

EX quo fœda illa Tempestas nuper in Anglia
exorta me quasi Naufragam in transma-
rinas plagas eiecisset, ego, ac si omnis ter-
ra mihi patria fuisset, vel potius nulla, magna
partē Europæ peragrata, atque nonnulla
Asiæ, Affricæq; Brasiliam tandem in A-
merica cogitavi, quo à nobis remotior eo pro-
pius Lumen notitiæ admoturus.

After which *Exordium* I proceed, and say;
 " that though it abound in many things; and
 " that a Gold mine has lately been discover'd
 " there in the Territory of St. *Pauls*, and a
 " veyn of *Emeralds* nigh *Sancto Spiritu*, yet I
 " esteem more than any Gold or Pretious
 " Stones, the planting of the Christian Faith,
 " (I having no where seen Learning and Piety
 " more flourishing than there) chiefly by the
 " Industry of the Fathers of the Society, who
 " converting those Barbarous people daily,
 " whilst they exercise their Bodies in cultiva-
 " ting the Land, do cultivate their Souls for
 " Heaven.

I will conclude, by telling you how our voy-
 age was so prosperous all the way, as for more
 than 3 months none of our 22 sayl ever lost
 sight of one another, til nigh the Western I-
 lands; or *Tiercieros* (where I only with our
Purser went ashore, the Generall suffering
 none else to stir) our Fleet was so dissipated by
 fowl weather, as only 7 of us entred *Lisbon*
 road together, the rest comming afterwards
 dropping one by one, excepting 2 or 3 catcht
 up by the *Hollanders*, and one or two lost :
 And this is all I can tell you of our Voyage hi-
 ther : besides which, I have no more to say, but
 only agen & agen to Iterate my many thanks
 unto you, R. F. *Rector*, F. *Vasconcells*, and
 all the rest, with the assurances that I shall al-
 wayes be

Your R. &c.

To the Lord ——— from Lisbon,
Anno 50.

Of some Discourses in P O R T U G A L.

My Lord,

BEing return'd from my *Brasil voyage*, my next is for *Flanders*, whither I tended in my thoughts, even whilst I tended farthest from it; they like *Compasses* having one foot fix'd in that, whilst the other compass the whole world about, for which whilst I expect an *Embarquement*, I cannot better entertain my self, than by entertaining you with some passages here; be pleas'd to know then, that discoursing the other day with one of the greatest in this Kingdom, about our affairs of *England*, (which have so chang'd face since I left 'em, as I should hardly know them, I having been so remote from them, as the blow of that fatal *Axe* which took the *Kings* life away, was not heard there till six moneths after) they thereupon vilifying the Supreme Authority, imagining none great enough, that is not monstrous, and that to Reign courteously, is onely to reign at curtesie of others, and not rightly understanding that of our Parliament; I to rectifie their understandings in either, told them first, That the right Institution of the Parliament of *England* was so far

diminishing the Royal Authority, as on the contrary it rendred it, but the more absolute, whence they were deceived, who imagined the Parliament there an imperious Maister, as 'tis in some Countries, or an abject Vassal, as it is in others; it being rather in nature of an humble friend, to advise and counsel as often as was requisite for the Kingdoms good; That there are some things which like the wheels of Chariots, or wings of Birds, look like burthen-som; when indeed they are but helps to support and lighten the burthen, and one of those things was the Parliament of *England*; not so much an Embarrassment to the Royal power, as an expediting and facilitating it, not so much to Limit the Regal Authority, as not to leave it altogether Limitlesse, that its bounds was like that of the *Ocean*, boundles, but for its own conservation, that the King could do all things, but ruine and destroy himself and his Kingdoms, an Impuissance so far from Imperfection, as is that of *Almighty God* not being able to sin, which is on the contrary one of his most God-like Attributes. In fine, that the King of *England* was one of the *potentest* Kings in the Christian world, but with his Parliament *omnipotent*, and that without that he was but one 'tis true; but that without him nothing. For the rest of our affairs, his Religion had rendred him more intelligent; and he could say, That as 'tis not then when the House falls, that the ruin begins, but when some

some main pillar or foundation is neglected, the want of maintaining which, draws on the Ruine of all the rest : So 'twas not now the Ruine of the Royal Authority began in *England*, but then when the Schism began ; when that foundation of Monarchy, *Per me Reges regnant*, was so shaken and weaken'd, as it has stood wavering and tottering ever since. That the Spiritual and Temporal Monarchy are that *Murale* and *Antemurale*, fortifying one another ; neither could the one more subsist without the other, than the Walls of a Town without its *Bulwarks* and *Outworks* can defend it self. That so the King, in taking the Ecclesiastical Authority upon himself, did but like him who foolishly took his Horse on his own shoulders, and fell to the ground with'r, whilst he vainly indeavoured to carry that, which should carry him ; and so we see all had say'd in their Ends they propos'd to themselves in that preposterous change ; the King in establishing a greater Authority, the *Bishops*, or *Spiritual Lords*, in imagining they should grow more absolute by the ejection of *Abbots* ; and the *Lords Temporal* by the ejection of *Bishops* afterwards, all but making way for their own ruine ; nor were the Commons to imagine they had much mended their Mercat by it ; " since whosoever cheaply sells anothers authority makes but the Market to buy his
 " own : So we see since the first change of

that Religion, wherein *England* had continued flourishing more than a Thousand years, how 't has been hurried from one to another ever since ; it being as impossible things diverted from their pristine Institution, and to which by long tract of Time they had been Accustomed, should afterwards stand firm and stable ; as for the *needle o'th' Compasse*, diverted from its *North*, to cease its restless motion, till it return unto't agen. Thus he, which how truly, the Event of things will shew : for my part prepar'd for all Events, when I am in *Flandres*, if there be any Settlement in *England*, and subsistence for an honest man, who loves to be quiet, and let others be so, I may see it agen : if not, I have learnt how wide the world is, and to esteem every place for my Country, where I may live quietly, and without molestation ; which humour and disposition (my Lord) I know you will not dislike, in

Your Lordships most, &c.

To Mr. John Mulys, *An.* 50.

Worthy Sir.

THe courtesie I have received in all my voyages from those of your noble profession, especially from your self; obliges me in gratitude to the publishing every where of this following

CHARACTER

Of an English Merchant resident in foreign parts.

He is one, who goes abroad with a stock of honour, as well as money to Traffick with, and manages either bravely, being a Master, and not a slave to wealth, and such a Master as honours it by his commands, making it only serve to noble ends. He neither sticks at Trivial expence nor gain, nor Anticipates poverty for fear of being poor (like those who kill themselves for fear of death) nor accelerates it by vain glory of appearing rich (like those who guild o're ruinous Palaces) but look in his *Accompts* and *Ware-house*, and you find him a wealthy Merchant, but look in all the rest of his *House* and *Family*, and you find him a noble and gallant minded Gentleman. In brief, he neither starves the

Change

Chanel with penuriousnesse, nor exhausts the *Spring* with prodigality, but has a particular Art to keep a full *Stream* still running, and the *Fount* still full, so as we may well say of him in these *dead Times*, that there is none *lives* but he; who whilst greatest Landed men are outed of all they have, as long as the Sea is open, is sure of his coming in: To conclude, he is the honour of his Nation abroad, and therefore his Nation should be very dishonourable and unworthy, should it not alwayes honour him.

For the rest (Sir) you will please to know, that about a month after my departure from *Lisbon*, and Embarkement at *Setuval* I arrived in *Holland*, the travailing through which by Land, from the *Texel* to *Amsterdam*, from thence to *Utrecht*, *Dort*, and so to *Ammerp*, &c. cost me more than all the Sea Voyages I made in all the four parts of the world beside, and Land too, since I left *Italy*. They will imagine this a *Paradox*, who know not that all my other voyages cost me nothing (which by computation in four years only, had cost me more than 2 or 3 thousand Crowns) If the accommodation I had with Princes by Land, and Admirals by Sea, could have been purchased with money, to say nothing of the Entertainment I found by Merchants every where; Of which now I say no more, but only that I can never say enough. In fine (Sir) having compleated my ten years Voyage,

Voyage, I am now arrived at *Bruxelles*, as
 Stones to their Center, and Elements in their
 Sphere, wanting nothing of that requiescence
 which every thing enjoys in that which it most
 desires, where I remain

Sir,

Your, &c.

XXVII.

To the Dutchess of Lorain at Berseel
 nigh Brussels, Anno 50.

The Description of the Countesse of BERLA-
 MONTS Funeral.

Madam,

Yesterday were the obsequies of Madam
Berlamont celebrated with all magnifi-
 cence in her own Chapel, hung all with black
 Velvet, bordered with Cloath of Gold, the
 Hearse in like manner with a Coronet and Ca-
 nopy, The *Holland Bishop* officiated, all the
 Privy Council, and Magistrates in *Corps* assist-
 ing, together with all the Nobility, her two
 Nephews, the Duke of *Arschor*, and Prince of
Gauze the chief Mourners; but the Prince the
 more officious of the two, as most concerned
 in her Testament, Father *Mallyard* made the
 Funeral Oration, indiscreetly enough, who
 whilst

whilst he excused her for not intermeddling with State Affairs, accused her the more, there being some incurable wounds of Fame, which like soar Eyes are but made worse with handling; nor wanted there positive vertues enough to praise in her, that he should need to seek out negative ones; but 'tis the vice of your petty Orators, to o'rpasse familiar and obvious things, & seek out uncouth and abstruse, thinking they are never eloquent enough, till they are extravagant. The Ceremonies o'th' Chapel performed, the *Prince of Gaure* and I in manner soly accompanied the Corps into the Vault (perhaps the only true and real mourners there) where I complemented him, in telling him I wisht with all my heart all his misfortunes buried in the same Grave with her; and he answered that he never had, nor could have a more sensible one than the losse of her. In fine (Madam) it were no ill complement to your Highnesse (I imagin) to wish all your Enemies buried in the same Grave too; she having nothing I ever dislik't in her, but her Enmity to your Highnesse; for which Sin *God* forgive her, and I doubt not but he'll forgive her all the rest; I having been always of opinion, that some obliging vices ar better than others sower and austere vertues, learning of that Fryer in *Commisses*, to pray alwayes for those who do me good, and for me, your Highnesse knows the many obligations I had unto her, so great

really, as all the joy I had of living in *Flam-*
ders had been buried in the same Grave with
 her, had she not left your Highnesse Execu-
 trix of it before she died; so *Madame* having
 rather gained than lost by the Exchange of the
 Hand, I may the more truly say now, that I
 am solely and absolutely

Your Highnesse most &c.

XXVIII.

To the same.

*Apprehending danger from the Inflammation
 and redness of the Princesses Eys.*

Madam,

I Am so concern'd and sorry for the Princess
 maladie, as did I apprehend the least dan-
 ger of it; I should not be now alive to tell
 your Highnesse so; but I am so far from it,
 as whilst Doctor *Forges* is busie with the rest,
 consulting the remedies, with half the consul-
 tation, I'll tell your Highnesse the cause of it,
 (when the malady is half cured they say.) First
 then, The rednesse of her Eyes is nothing else
 but as the blushing of the Morn is to the day;
 and no wonder that *Aurore* should precede,
 the fair Sun-shine her Eyes promise; Next 'tis
 but Iustice, that those Eyes which are to in-
 flame so many, should first experience what

is to be inflam'd themselves; that she may
 say with *Dido*, She has learn'd to pity others by
 her own harms; &c. besides by her draw-
 ing Green Taffaty Curtains over them; I sus-
 pect some design of keeping them for re-
 liques (as the manner is) if so, I desire she
 should understand, that there are some things
 ('tis true) are more esteem'd and reverenc'd
 the lesse they are beheld; but such as her Eyes
 are, the more they are beheld, are ever re-
 verenc'd and esteem'd the more. How ever, to-
 morrow I shall not fail to come and pay my
 Devotions at her shrine, when if she look
 well upon me, I shall esteem my self highly
 blest; Mean Time, I desire she would esteem
 me for the humblest of her Votaries, and that
 your Highnesse would hold me for,

Madam,

*The humblest of your Honour'd
 and Admirers.*

To the same.

*Merrily describing his journey on foot from
BERSEEL to BRUXELLES.*

Madam,

Yesternight e'r I reacht *Bruxelles* I was sufficiently punisht for my unmannerly (or rather too mannerly) refusing your Highnesse Coach, the sudden rain having rendred the ways so slabbery, and me so dirty, as I can assure your Highnesse it put me more in mind of *Adam's* clay than a hundred *Aswednesdays* with its *memento homo's* could have done; I having more on my shooes than went to making the first man, and one might have planted more Salads on them than would serve *Madamoiselle de —*'s little houshold a year at least, so as my feet were like *Nebuccadonnazors* Image all of clay, and they had like to have cost me twenty quarrels in coming hom. The Master of the Brick-kills had like to have quarrell'd me for carrying away all the Clay upon my shooes he had been preparing and making provision a whole week of to make in Bricks; and a *Spaniard* lookt grim and surly on me at the Gate, for carrying away so much of the *Kings* Highway on my Shooes; at my Entrance into Town, I might have had two peeces for it of an Ale-wife for stopping Bang holes

holes, and a moulder of Images bargained for it to make his moulds of. But he who made most profit of it, (next to the Shomaker) was your good Frier *Terminarius* of *Berfeel*, who meditating on his way, how *Adam* in State of perfection, of clay was made made man, at sight of me fell on another conceit, how man in state of Imperfection was made clay. In fine, Madam, all the profit I can make of it, is to learn how I go on foot again when I may have commodity of a Coach, and not to refuse any thing that is offered me.

XXX.

To the Lord Duke of Buckingham.

In praise of Berfeel a Castle of Mademoiselle de Beauvais nigh Bruxelles.

My Lord,

THere are certain moments and ravishing Minutes like the divine Extasies of Saints, we should desire might alway last; and if our lives were all of the same piece with them, how happy should we be? one of these in my opinion (and I doubt not but I have your Graces suffrage) was that we had tother day at *Berfeel*.

fel; when *May* had put on its best attire, the
 day its sereneſt Countenance; Madam the *Dur-*
cheſs was never more pleaſant, your Grace in
 better humour, nor my *Lute* in better Tune.
 For *Berſel* it ſelfe, I could not at my
 return but give it this Character: That 'twas
 the only remains o' th' Terreſtrial *Paradiſe*,
 the world being ſtill ther in its firſt Innocence;
 the Tree of Life only wanting to make
 them live perpetually. The air being ſo pure,
 as health has made there its conſtant reſidence:
 and ſickneſs dares not come within the Sphere
 of *Zephyrus* breath, who has taken poſſeſſion
 of the territory thereabouts, and ſuffers no
 wind to blow there beſides its ſelf, whiſt the
 Liquid *Chriſtal* of its ſilver Moat ſerves both
 for Mirour to its lofty buildings, and the *Wood*
Nymphs too, who with little *Sports* and *Cupids*
 on every Tree; in freſh *robbery* every day, paſs
 all the year. The *Genius* of the place is al-
 wayes ſprightly, and the ſpirit of *May* is
 alwayes there. In ſine, 'tis an Academy of
Nightingals; and the *Ber*, thoſe little *Hunt-*
feſts of *Flowers*, find no where better, nor
 more abundant ſtore, than there, where
 flowers grow every where, and crop but one,
 and ſtrait ſeven more ſpring up in place of it,
 whether 't be the goodneſſe and fertility of the
 ſoyl, or the vertue and fairneſſe of the hand
 that gathers them; Heaven having priviledg'd
 this place, with that happineſſe above all o-
 thers, that it ſhould never fall, but into the

fairest hands of the Universe. Thus I; but this I know (my Lord) comes short of your *Idea* of it, whose quick Imagination goes far beyond all others Expressions, wherefore I'll leave this Theam, and come to that other of the Reason why after *Mademoiselle de B's* letting blood there was found so equall a mixture of blood and water, as the nicest sense could not distinguish it; for which, whilst we were solliciting our Muscs till after Midnight, and could not obtain any Reason of them, behold that mine gave me next morning.

*Of this so just and equal mingly
Of water and blood, what should the Reason
be?*

*But only this, being forc'd to part from her,
Each drop of Blood for Grief did shed a
Tear.*

And now (my Lord) your Grace is oblig'd to admit of this Reason, or afford a better; which I know is as easie and natural to you, as 'tis to me to be alwayes

Your Graces most, &c.

To Madamofelle de B. Anno 50.

The Reason of his leaving BRUXELLES to
wait upon the Dutchiefs of LOREIN
into the Country.

Madamofelle,

THE Roman Stories make mention of a
certain Lady so nobly constant to the Af-
flicted, as when her Husband had cast her Fa-
ther into banishment, she left her Husband
and follow'd him; and when her Father's
Faction (afterwards prevailing) did the like by
her Husband, she followed him again, and left
her Father; and I should more praise this dis-
position, if it were not mine own, I having
followed the Queen Mother so, as now I do
her Highness, that they might see, I follow'd
not their Fortunes but themselves; nor is it ver-
ture, but Interest in me, who love the good
Graces of those I am with; above all the be-
nefits they can bestow on me; of which your
Princes are then most liberal, when they have
nothing to bestow on you besides; so there is
somewhat me-thinks in great Princes, as in the
Sun, that makes them the more regardful
the more they are Eclip'd, and somewhat more
venerable in ruined Palaces, than when they
are intire. I speak not this (Madamofelle)

with any reflexion on her Highnesse Fortune,
but on mine own disposition, who was pleas'd
to say publiquely, when I had resolv'd to wait
on her into the Country; "That none ever
"running at the Ring was more sollicitous to
"carry away the prize, than she was to carry
"me away from you. In *revanche* of which
I can assure her Highness, that none ever ha-
ving gain'd in prize some precious Jewell, was
more carefull to conserve it, than I shall be
the honour of her good Graces. Mean while
think not, (*Madamoiselle*) that I leave you for
her; but only hope to serve you the more in ser-
ving her; You bring so good a Sister, as I know
you prefer her contentment to your own,
or rather have no contentment but only hers;
to which if I shall confer any thing, 'tis all the
Ambition, as 'tis but the duty of

Madamoiselle,

Tour, &c.

XXXII.

To Monsieur Laurins, Lieutenant Ci-
vil at Gant, Anno 50.

Noble Sir,

I have finish'd my little Circle of the world
(incompassing only the Borders of *Asia*,
Africa, and *America*) and am return'd to

Bruxelles

Bruxelles, the point where I first begun, remaining much unsatisfied (the while) that I took no greater compass; yet was I rather waiting to the opportunity, than the opportunity to me: The Count d' *Averas* (newly made Vice-Roy of the *East-Indies* at my return from the *West*) offering me the like accommodation with him thither, as I had with *Don Rodrigo d' Alencastro* (who had married his Daughter) in returning from *Brazil* (that is, my diet and lodging with himself) (to which the King would have willingly assented, and munificently contributed) which, with many humble thanks I refused then, and if I repent me now, 'tis because I weigh it without the same Circumstances which then turn'd the Scales, (the extreme lassitude of one Voyage, and danger of the other) not one *Portugal* ship of three returning safe from that voyage, whilst not one in ten of the *Hollanders* ever miscarries; the doubling the Cape of *Bona Esperanza* being onely dangerous at some seasons in the years, which season they never avoid, (by their own confession) so unwise men, or so ill Mariners they are, not better to know to Time their Voyage, or Trim their Ship; But enough of Voyaging: and now 'tis time for me, like a ship safe return'd to Harbour, to *Carine* and rest awhile, and tempt Fortune no longer, since *Quem saepe transit Casus aliquando invenit*, not one in a hundred ever having been so fortunate as I, nor (perhaps) did I live

hundred years, should I ever be so fortunate
 again; I never knowing what danger was by
Land, nor stormes by *Sea*; in 8 years travel-
 ling by one, and two years Voyage by tother
 (so rare a felicitie as (perhaps) none could e-
 ver boast besides my self) so are there certain
conjunctions which never but at certain *periods*
 (like *Eclipses*) encounter, as was this to be
 defrayed and entertained, where e'r I went
 (in manner) at the publique cost, like some
 publike Ambassadour; one chief reason of
 which I imagine to have been my indifferency
 of travelling to any place where I had not
 been before (those who bind themselves to a-
 ny one course in particular, renouncing to *For-*
unes concurrency to all the rest) yet let none
 ever hope the like advantages, that are not
 signaliz'd by some remarkable qualities (as I
 was by Musick, &c.) I here being somewhat in
Art (whilst exercised in no *Mechanique* way)
 above *Fortune*, that makes Princes more favour
 those that excell in one than t'other, they
 looking on t'one, as their Subjects, but on t'o-
 ther, as their Companions (there being no su-
 periority in *Art* as there is in *Fortune*, but
 the best, not the greatest carries it) This you
 should see now Sir if you were at *Brussels*,
 where whilst others far richer than my self are
 kept at distance, I am admitted to such a fa-
 miliarity with those *Grandeas*, as some
 Admire, some Envy, and all Emulate,
 all which honour I should not glory in,

if it were not accompanied with that of
being

Sir

Your, &c.

XXXIII.

To the same, Anno. 50.

Of Language.

Mademoiselle,

SINCE you honour me so much to permit me
to entertain you weekly (or oftner) with
our occurrences, and my meditations here, and
please to give me the hint sometimes of the
Subject I am to treat of, as now you do; be
also pleased to understand that for *Languages*,
tis to Embarque without *Bisquet*, or travel
without *viaticum* for any to travel, or under-
take a voyage without the Language of the
Country, where he goes; for a shift (tis true)
one may have recourse to their Country men
in forein parts, but that is but a-kind of beg-
ging to be understood, and travelling in *for-
ma Pauperis*; and as you must seek them out
in Corners, so must you confine your self to
Corners while you converse with them; for
my part I account it altogether as necessary for
those who travel to make provision of Language.

ges as of money, & therefore I never travail a-
ny where, but first I provide me with furni-
ture enough of Languages for so vast a Room,
as those Countries I travail through; and if
you demand of me which Language I found
the most large and spreading, and of greatest
latitude and extension, the best way to answer
you, is to give you first the plane of the Room,
and next to let you see the several pieces of
Languages to furnish it. First then for *French*
it serves you thorough all *Flanders*, *Spain*, *Sa-
voy* up to *Italy* (exclusively) as through the
Neitherland up to *Swedland*, *Denmark* and
Poland, the other way) where almost all the
people of quality speak *French*. Then for *I-
talian* it serves you not only through all *Italy*,
but *Sicily*, *Malta*, and almost all the Isles of
the *Archipelago* and *Mediterranean Sea*, up
to *Constantinople*, where your Language be-
gins to change, and fails you in travelling fur-
ther *Levant*, wherefore to return back again,
It serves thorough all *Dalmatia*, and beyond
the *Venetians* Territory up to *Austria*, where
tis spoke commonly in the Emperours Court,
as almost in all the Princes Courts of *Ger-
many*. Now for *Spanish* it not only serves you
thorough all *Spain* and *Portugal*, but along
all the Coast, and the Isles of *Affrique* to the
Brasils, and either *Indies*. For *Dutch* next,
it not only serves you in *Germany*, *Switzerland*,
the *Low Countries*, *Denmark*, *Swedland*, but
every where by Sea, which is as properly the

Hol-

Hollanders Country, as any Land they or any other Nation Inhabit and possesse; and lastly for *Latine* and *English* (to tell you true) they only served me to stop holes with; the *English* Language out of our Dominions being like our *English* money current with much adoe in neighbouring Countries who traffick with us, but farther off you must go to *Banquiers* of your own Nation, or none will take it of your hands. And for *Latin*, it being no where a vulgar Language, but the *Sacred* and *Eru- dits* Tongue, take even the *Clergy* and *School- men* themselves (whose proper Language it ought to be) out of the *Church* or *Schools*, and you cannot doe them a greater displeasure, than speak *Latin* to them, so as it rather serves to interlard other Languages, than to make an intire meal of discourse, and but upon great necessity is never to be used. And now I'll tell you an observation or two concerning Lan- guages, e'r I end this Letter; and the first is, that (almost) all the Languages of *Europe*, are originally derived from the two main Fountains of the *Almain* or *Latine* Tongue, the *Italian*, *French* and *Spanish* branching from the last, as the *Low Dutch*, *Danish*, *Eng- lish*, &c. from the first. The next is the influ- ence they have, according as their Countreyes, Border and Confine one upon another, or by flux and reflux of Trade; The *Italian* for example being more Current in *Turky* than the *French*, for the first reason; As the *French*

(for

(for the second) is more current than the *Spanish* there. The last is concerning your subordinate Languages, as the *Walloon* and *Liegeois* to the *French*, the *Portuguez* to the *Spanish*, and *Scotch* to *English*, &c. all which understand you in speaking the chief or Master Language, but not o'th contrary, and all these your Master Language says use but their old obsolete words, as Servants wear their Masters old Garments, but they (too proud to acknowledge this) say rather, that as old men keep constant to their old fashions, whilst their Sons refine dayly upon them in bravery, and change for new, so the plainesse of their Language, is but an Argument of the antiquity thereof. To conclude (*Madamoiselle*) 'twould be difficult for me to tell you which of these Languages serv'd me most in travelling about the world, were not the *French* that I have the happinesse to converse with you in, whom I esteem above all the world besides, to that therefore I must give the preeminence, and subscribe as I do this Letter, with the Assurances that I am

Madamoiselle,

Your, &c.

*To the same.**Of the pronunciation of several Languages.**Mademoiselle,*

IN my last I discour'd t'ye of several Languages; now if you please I'll treat of their several pronunciation, and withall make a lazy *Apology* for my pronouncing them so ill: First then for *French*, you know the *Queen-Mother* would never suffer them to correct me when I err'd, saying, that *If they taught me to speak well, she should want the sport of hearing me speak so ill*; and betwixt the *Latin*, *Spanish* and *Italian* there is so little difference in most words, as what betwixt negligence and inadvertance, assured to be understood, though they pronounce them ill, few are careful and curious enough to pronounce them well; besides their similitude is so great, as (like *Twins* of the same Parent) one hardly distinguishes them, which, similitude as it facilitates the understanding of them in general, so it renders the pronunciation of them in particular more difficult, so as I (for my part) count it as hard to speak pure and without mixture, as 'tis for your *Water drinker* there to spurt several Liquors out of his Mouth, without confounding the taste of *Bear* with *Vinager*, or *Aquavita* with *Wine*, &c. Besides

to one (like me) who regards more the *matter* then the *words*, and the *words* then the *pronunciation*; and are of opinion that there is no supreme excellency in the world (besides only in your self) I count it as great trifling in him should seek to rid and weed his mouth of all *Impropriety* of some words, and mispronouncing of other (in speaking other languages) as tis in him should go about to sweep an *earthly floor* too every grain of Dust, or rid a *Garden* from all its weeds, *quod ere nascitur, vix evitatur*, that which is connatural to a thing being impossible to be avoyded. Suffice it then, that speak as well as one can other languages besides his own, unlesse from his *Childhood* he has been train'd up in them, In which case they are as natural to him as his own, and he shall speak with the allowance of a stranger still (It matters not much, whe'r 't be a grain or two more or lesse) let me then understand a stranger Language, so as to make all I hear or read in it mine own, and speak it so as I may be understood, and let whose will take the bootlesse pains to pronounce it well, and have the reputation of an affected Traveler for me: To conclude (*Mademoiselle*) I shall never envy him who tells you in finer language than my self, that he is your most *Humble Servant*, &c. but 'twould inflame me much that any one should be indeed more than I am

Mademoiselle

Your, &c.

To Mademoiselle de B.

Of Fame.

Mademoiselle,

CONSIDERING the mighty *Elogiums* and magnificent prayſes that has ever been given to Fame by all Kingdoms and Republicques on th'one ſide, the airineſſe and the Fabuloſneſſe of it on th'other ſide, it makes me half ſuſpect that there is more of *Policy* than *Reality* in the thing; for who would doe great and noble Actions? who would expoſe their lives for their Countries? if ſomewhat beyond their Lives did not excite them to't? If the memory of what they did were terminated with themſelves, or that memory nothing appertained to them when they were gon. Hence 'tis, that this is uſed as a ſpur to incite men unto Vertue; 'Tis Fames Trumpet, that encourages men, and edges them to valor, and the ſound of this like that of *Melſiades* Trophies to *Themiſtoctes*, is ſtill reſounding in our Ears, and animating us to great and noble Actions; But if (as I ſay) we examine on th'other ſide, the frivolouſneſſe of the Thing, we ſhall find our ſelves impoſ'd by *Antiquitie*, and conclude with that *Greek*, who taken with the voice of the *Nightingal*, and imagining it

ſome

some mighty thing, pluming it (for *curiosity*) and seeing what it was, tried out, *Vox est, & praterea nihil*, that 'twas a Voice, and nothing else. For first, if we consider the Fame of Writers, (in which the Fames of all others are included) both in its duration and Immen-
 tie, (for these two, forsooth, they promise you, shall never be terminate, and alwayes perma-
 nent) if we consider, I say, unto how small a part and portion of the world their Fames can penetrate, how few understand their Lan-
 guage, and how few of those who do, can read it, and lastly how few of those who can are curious; surely instead of painting it with wings, we might more properly paint it with *Plumets* at the heels, and in lieu of imagining it flying about the world, we may imagine it rather pent up, and fluttering about some nar-
 row *Bird-cage* or *volary*: So as 'tis as great a folly and vanity to imagine what we write in our Language, or any other *rudite Tongue* whatsoever, can make any far progresse in o-
 ther Countries, as to imagine the sound of a Cymbal, or little Tinckling Bell could be heard over all the Universe. Then for the duration or perpetuating of it when I am dead, what a-
 vails that me, or how can it more rejoyce and delight me, than Musick playd at my Tomb or Monument? When I am nam'd; who re-
 members what I was? or when those are dead that knew me, who reflects upon my person bearing me mentioned; give me then Fame
 alive,

alive, and take whose list my Fame when I am dead, which at most, is but as the Eccho of dying voices, or the perfume of expiring Odours, rather shaddows than substances, and not so much as pictures, which terminate at least the imagination to certain *Species* and Resemblances. And if any one object, By this opinion all Incitement to Verue and to noble and Heroick Actions is ta'n away; I absolutely deny it, and affirm that the Fame we enjoy alive, and our Countries and Families after our death, is sufficient incitement, and encouragement enough: so as to conclude, I must answer you, *Mademoiselle*, demanding what Fame is, as that Antient did him, who desir'd to know of him what God was, That he would tell him on the morrow; when summoned of his promise, he demanded two dayes respite more: and so went multiplying Time and delays, till being prest at last, he answered ingenuously, That *before he thought of it he imagined he knew it, but the more he thought of it, the lesse he knew of it*; and here (*Mademoiselle*,) before I conclude, that the worshippers of this Fame may not think me Atheist, I have made this following Hymn, here to its honour, to acquit me of Impiety.

*Fame that from great & noble Actions comes,
As precious Odours from Arabian Gums,
The shadow that from brighter verina flows,
And follows it along where ere it goes,*

The

The Echo of great names, the walking spirit,
 And Ghost of mighty men, the Tripartite
 Division of us, when we'r dead and gone,
 And nothing left of's here, but thee alone.
 When Heaven our Soul has (where it never
 dies)
 The Earth our Bodies, Name our Memories;
 Since only thou 'tis mak'st our memories last;
 Nor can oblivion ever draw so fast
 Her Curtain o'r't, as thou'st undraw't agen,
 To shew the fairer Portrait of's to men:
 To whom, fair daughter of Eternitie,
 Should we commend our selves and works, but
 thee,
 Through whose sole benefit 'tis, if we survive,
 Long as ther's worlds, or men be left alive.

XXXVI.

To Mademoiselle de Clerque at Gant,
 Anno 50.

Wherein he declares the Life they led
 in the Country.

Mademoiselle,

MY Indeavours have not been wanting.
 Nor ever shall, to maintain that good
 Intelligence betwixt her *strokes of Lodine*
 and

and you, who often mentions you with much honour and tenderness, and the other perhaps for my giving her the occasion, She always honouring me with that complacency, to prosecute willingly that discourse which I begin, we often wish you here, and to incite you to visit us the sooner, I'll tell you how we passe our time. The mornings, having finished our Devotions, About an hour before dinner we have a little concert of Vials, Lutes, and Guitars; which we often vary, together with our pieces for more variety; neither the *Dutchesse*, *Princessse*, nor I, but play our parts on all, and if *Mademoiselle de Beauvais* be with us, as oftentimes she is; they sing 3 parts, to which I play the *Bass*, nor shall you any where hear more excellent voices, nor airs more excellently sung; having dined, and some one or two hours past in pleasant conversation; If the day be fair, we goe abroad in Coach to take the Air, a second Coach following, and some Horie, besides the *Princessse* in Side-Saddle, who takes much delight in her little Palfrey, and rides excellent well, though not above 12 year old: From our journey, which never ends without some Banquet or Collation, we return about Sun set, and dance Court and Country Dances, some hour or two before Supper, our company of Women Dancers, or Ladies of the Court being strong, but of men weak, unlesse some noblemen of *Brussels* or *English* Gentlemen come over to us, as ordi-

To Mademoiselle de Beauvais.

The Vices of evil Tongues Arraign'd.

Mademoiselle,

I Know not how you got the secret (but I'm sure you have it) to charm ill Tongues, and so stop the mouth of *Mesdisance*, as whilst every one (almost) speaks ill of others, every one speaks well of you; Is it because you speak ill of none? and give none occasion to speak ill of you? but they can doe it without occasion, and when you give them none, can take it of themselves; or is your high *Vertue* above the reach of evil Tongues? but nothing in this Age is above their reach, who are so curious of finding fault, as where their eyes fail them, they invent new *Prospectives*, to find spots out even in the *Sun* it self; or is it lastly, a certain *Majesty* in your person, that daunts and awes them to Reverence? What ever it be, I must admire and congratulate your felicity, and profess myself as glad of it, (being to speak against the Vices of Evil Tongues) as one would be in a strange Country to find out one that understood his own Language. Purposing then to arraign those Vices, I have chosen you for Judge, the only Impartial one I know of, that is not complice with the G

(115)
nel. First *Vice* then I intend to call unto the
barr, shall be *Mocking, Jeering, and Derision*,
rather *Abuses* than *Crimes*, and next the more
Criminous ones of *Calumnie*, and *Detraction*.

Of Mocking, Jeering, and Derision.

Mocking, Jeering and Derision, may be de-
fin'd a malicious publishing of others Imper-
fections, with intent to render them ridiculous,
(for if it be their Vices, 'tis *Reproach* and *Con-
sumely*, and done on purpose to render them
odious,) and 'tis lawfull in no case, but only
when Imperfections are affected, to laugh them
out of them; whence 'tis good when us'd for
Physick, but when only for *poison*, 'tis detesta-
ble. However, it becomes none but *Buffoons*,
and under pain of becoming Ridiculous ones
self, none is to endeavour to make others so.
It tends to *Enmitie*, if it proceeds not thence;
(for the faults of those we love, we seek to
hide, and never seek to find fault with any, but
those we care not for:) Mean time, whilst
they imagin they shew their wits, they but
shew their folly by't, and want of wit, none
more foolishly purchasing Enemies, than they;
it being as great a folly for a *Jest* to lose a
Friend, as to sell ones *Horse* to buy him *Pro-
vender*. 'Tis a dangerous Vice too, being com-
monly the occasion of quarrel, (whilst it

touches men where th'are most sensible) and therefore none but Women may safely use it; which is the cause (perhaps) why now adayes more *Women* are tainted with this vice than *men*. And if you mark it, their Mocking and Jeering at others, is principally for not being fine Gentlemen, and *a la mode* (forsooth) they learning by looking on their *Glasses*, to looke on nothing but superficial things; (having more regard to the discomposure of ones *Garments*, than of their *manners*, and the disorder of their *hair*, than of their *mind*) and for such as these, your blunt man marrs their mirth, his not being put out of Countenance by't, putting them out of countenance themselves: Such an one was our Countrymen Sir *Roger Williams*, an excellent Souldier, but a blunt Courtier, who coming to Court after the losse of *Sluce* in *Flandres*, and being jeer'd for it by the Ladies, with *Is this he that deliver'd up Sluce?* Pray let's see him, a *daughtry souldier no doubt he is*. Answered them *brusquely*, "Yes Ladies, "I am he; and on so good conditions, there "is none of you, but would have deliver'd up "your *Sluces* too. Nor did he spare *Queen Elizabeth* her self, when waiting long at Court to deliver a certain Petition for arrears of pay, and the *Queen* not willing to see him, he one day Encountering her where was no avoyding him, she, to put him out of countenance, feign'd to smell some evil savour in the Room, crying nicely out, *Fogh, What a stink's*

here ? Williams, I think it be your Boots (said she) that smell so. No by ——— said he, 'tis my Petition (*Madam*) I have kept it so long, e'r I could get it deliver'd. But to return to our subject. There are divers sorts of *Derisions* and *Mockery*; Some by whisper, others more openly; some before ones face; others behind ones back; some finally by laughing out-right, and others *Ironically*, and by dissembled scorn: Of which, that of whisper is commonly the most offensive, which, whilst it takes away all place from Reply, leaves place to imagine the Injury greater than it is; whence, whilst the Affront perhaps regards but one, the Offence of it extends it self to all. Your publique way of Jeering is most dangerous, and your secret more base and cowardly; above all your *Ironical* one does the least harm to those they mock, and the most to those who use it; it marring their Natures quite, and teaching them falshood and dissembling. And generally those who are so diligent in marking others faults and Imperfections, must needs be full of Faults and Imperfections themselves; Since, whilst their minds are still abroad to observe others faults, they can never be at home to mark and amend their own. In fine, however light they make of it, they are to know, that no Generous spirit but can easilier brook Injury than Scorn, and the reparation of it too, is easier made: and that they but render themselves by it odious unto all, it being natural

tural for men to love those who esteem them, as tis to hate all those who disesteem them, (as those who mock and jeer them manifestly declare they do.) To conclude, I could wish them only to observe this rule, Never to say any thing of others, but what they would say before their faces, or what they would others should say of them behind their backs.

Of Slander, Calumnie, and Detraction.

But *Mocking*, *Jeering*, and *Derision*, are nothing to *Slander*, *Calumnie*, and *Detraction*. Those but point with the finger, but these brand in the forehead; those but strike, but these wound; let those say no more, and there's an end, but these must unsay what they have said, and like venomous Beasts, resorb their own poyson, and like Witches and Sorcerers undo their own spells and charms, or the poyson and the mischief remains still. To distinguish them, *Detraction* seeks to take away my Good name, and *Calumnie* to purchase me an Ill. For Example, *Detraction* comes and sayes of one that's esteem'd an honourable and vertuous Lady, that she is not so honourable and vertuous as is imagined; when having laid the Egg, *Calumnie* comes and hatches it, saying that she has her Gallants too, as well as others; after which comes *Slander*, and for

conclusion, names persons, and charges her with certain Crimes; whence you see, the first has more of the Envy, and the second two more of the Malice; the first *Slights*, the second *Reproaches*, and third *Defames*; These (as those who have the Plague seek to infect others with their sores,) you shall alwayes find sowing of their malice in others minds; when take it for a General Rule, what ever they report to you of others, is either wholly false, or never wholly true; for they doing it to mischief others, do it with all the malice they can devise, and owing a spight to those they caluminate; doe it, you may be sure, as spightfully as they can. But let them take heed, for where the Scripture says, we shall answer for every idle word, (such as is Mocking and Jeering) On the contrary, we shal never be able to answer for our spightfull and malicious ones, (such as are *Detraction*, *Slander*, and *Calumnie*) whence it distinguishes, and says (in effect) that whosoever contristats and offends his brother, shall be lyable to Iudgement; but whosoever injures and defames him, shall be lyable to Condemnation: but as there would be no *Thieves*, if there were no *Receivers*; so there would be no *Calumniators*, if none would give ear unto their *Calumnies*, wherfore 'tis rather our faults then, than theirs, who whilst we vainly imagin the depressing others a kind of exalting our selves, and that we are magnified, whilst others are

lessened, if we truly consider it, we shall find we but depress & lessen our selves by it; & declare our own indigence & want of worth the whilst, as Ladies who use painting or *choppins* do their want of beauty, and their own littlenesse: For me then, when any goes about to make me Enemy of any, I conclude he is their Enemy, and no friend of mine, with this distick,

*Who'd have me doubt another is my Foe,
First makes me doubt wh'er he's my friend*

[or no.

XXXVIII.

To the Lady, — An. 51

Of Secrets.

BEtwixt making a secret of every thing and nothing, there is a difference and mean, and great judgement is requisite to know what's to be kept secret, and what not: you shall have some of so *Laxative* Tongue, they are in pain to be delivered of all they know, and these are never to be intrusted with any reports above the Region of *Bake-house* or *Barbers* news: Others again are so Costive and hard-bound, as they will not tell you how they do without caution, and will whisper you

conclusion, names persons, and charges her with certain Crimes; whence you see, the first has more of the Envy, and the second two more of the Malice; the first *Slights*, the second *Reproaches*, and third *Defames*; These (as those who have the Plague seek to infect others with their sores,) you shall alwayes find sowing of their malice in others minds; when take it for a General Rule, what ever they report to you of others, is either wholly false, or never wholly true; for they doing it to mischief others, do it with all the malice they can devise, and owing a spight to those they caluminate; doe it, you may be sure, as spightfully as they can. But let them take heed, for where the Scripture says, we shall answer for every idle word, (such as is Mocking and Jeering) On the contrary, we shall never be able to answer for our spightfull and malicious ones, (such as are *Detraction*, *Slander*, and *Calumnie*) whence it distinguishes, and says (in effect) that whosoever contristats and offends his brother, shall be lyable to Iudgement; but whosoever injures and defames him, shall be lyable to Condemnation: but as there would be no *Thieves*, if there were no *Receivers*; so there would be no *Calumniators*, if none would give ear unto their *Calumnies*, wherfore 'tis rather our faults then, than theirs, who whilst we vainly imagin the depressing others a kind of exalting our selves, and that we are magnified, whilst others are less

lessened, if we truly consider it, we shall find we but depress & lessen our selves by it, & declare our own indigence & want of worth the whilst, as Ladies who use painting or *choppins* do their want of beauty, and their own littleness: For me then, when any goes about to make me Enemy of any, I conclude he is their Enemy, and no friend of mine, with this distick.

*Who'd have me doubt another is my Foe,
First makes me doubt wh'er he's my friend
[or no.]*

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you the Weather and Time of the day as a great secret. When you hear one say, *I know more than I will or dare speak of, &c.* know 'tis but a call for the *Curious* and Inquisitive, & he longs to tell it you; so when you see any Inquisitive, you may conclude them talkers too, and but factors & Ingrofers of news only to divulge it afterwards. These are those who with their reports Embroyl themselves and others, so sophisticating what they hear (as *Hucksters* do their ware) as e'r it passe their mouths, you may be sure 'tis either wholly false, or never wholly true, they corrupt & fly-blow it so with their reporting it; and such should be banisht all civil company, where they only sow the seed of lies, mistake and quatrel: For my part, I observe this rule in all companies where I come, never to speak any thing of other s that may do harm; but on the contrary all the good I can; for example, when I say *this* or *this* such an one said of you, &c. It shall be so advantagious to either, as to beget a good opinion and intelligence in both; But what if they did not speak well of them, will you say? why in that case I'll tell the speaker of it, not those are spoken ill of; for this may mend matters, tother but make them worse, and exasperate them the more; for the rest, what every one may know, I'll make no dainty to tell every one; for he to no purpose gets the reputation of close and shy, who is continually reserv'd; and who on ordinary

ordinary occasions is so cautious, for extraordinary reserves no caution for himself. Above all, I'll willingly participate no secret which others may know besides my self, not to be responsible for their blabbing it, neither are they more secrets insus'd into many conscious breasts, than waters are *Rivers* when cut into many branches & *Rivolets*. In fine, *Madamoiselle*, as that Princes Favourite was wise who when his Pr. demanded of him what he should impart unto him, of all he had ? answered any thing, but his secrets, and so say I: Wherefore chide me and spare not, if ever you perceive me inquisitive of others secrets, or injurious in my reports of them, and this Madam I give you under my hand, that when I transgress herein, this Letter may be witness against me of that want of Temper and discretion that is requisite in one that has the honour to be

Madam.

Your, &c.

XXXIX
To the Lady, —

*How we are to contemn the Calumnies of the
 world.*

I Never knew any one nobly eminent in any kind but they were envied and calumniated; It being the nature of base and low spirits, despairing to arrive to that height, to which others by their merits and excellencies are attain'd, to seek by detraction to pluck them down as low as they; nor will it be ever so happy with the world, to have more Emulators than Envious: Emulation making men strive to be as good as others, but Envy to make others as bad as it, whence this vice is only found amongst the worser sort, to whom every one thats better than they seems to exprobate their being so ill; so as 'tis either some particular hate or self love that blinds them from seeing their own faults as well as those of other mens, else they would never calumniate others as they do, if they but considered, that one ought to be most cleer themselves of those faults they reproach to others, and he who cheaply sells others fame (upon th' accompt) makes but the Market to buy his own. Mean while it being as impossible all should speak well, as that all should

should do well, and 'tis not what we are, but what they are that make them speak ill of us: we are to endeavour so to live, as our lives may give the lie to their reports; and that they may never say true any harm of us, and let them say false what they please, twill be more their own harm than ours.

To this purpose (Madam) I'll tell you a pleasant story, which I use often to recount, when I would laugh at these busie Censurers of others Actions. An *Old man* and his Son (a young stripling) travelling on the way, the *Boy* mounted on an *Ass*, the *Father* trudging it on foot; The first Company they met began to revile the *Boy*, calling him ungracious *Rascal*, was he not asham'd to ride, and let his *Father* walk on foot (nor must you imagine the charitable presage of hanging was forgot amongst them.) At this the *Boy* desired his *Father* to get up, and let him walk on foot; which being done, the next Company revil'd the *Father* as much as formerly tother had done the *Son*, calling him hard-hearted and cruel (strong and robustous as he was) to ride, and let the *Tender Infant* walk on foot; when the *Father* to content them took up his *Son* behind him, and so they jogg'd on a while, till the next Company rail'd on them afresh, for over-burthening the poor *Ass*, calling them more Beasts than he (nor did the *Ass* ever know before how many friends he had amongst the multitude) when to content these.

at last the *Father* and *Son* both light and let the *Ass*, which when the next Company espy'd, they laught at them more than the others had rail'd at them before, calling them a hundred fools, to tire and weary themselves having an *Ass* to ride on: When the Good man perceiving the impossibility of contenting the world, and avoiding its censure, wisely resolv'd thereafter to content himself, and let them judge and censure him as they pleas'd.

And 'twas a wise resolution, I having found by experience, that one sooner stops the mouth of Calumnie by a resolute going on their way, than a too nice fear of irritating it, it being of the nature of Cowards, the more you fear it, the more outrageous it becomes, and the vulgar like *Apelles Coblar*, but care for its censure once, and they will never leave censuring you; Mean time I know, as the *Apostle* says, that I am debtor in point of Fame both to the foolish and the wise, but if they wo'nt accept the payment, when tis lawfully tendered them, but find fault and cavill still; let them still remain unsatisfy'd for me, and for that *va scandalo*, that *noe to scandal*, 'tis to be understood where *scandal* is given, not where 'tis taken before 'tis given.

To conclude this point, never brave spirit yet, car'd what the Vulgar said, nor ever was brave nor noble Action perform'd by those that

that did. Inſomuch as *Alcibiades* would adminiſter them matter himſelf to cenſure him. *Alexander* gloried in it affirming nothing was more great, nor *Kingly*, than to do well, and hear ill for it; and *Ariſtides* was ſo offended at the peoples ſpeaking well of him, as he aſks his Friends, not without Indignation, What ill he had done that he ſhould deſerve it at their hands.

But what ſhould we goe ſo far for Examples, when we have others nearer home, I remembering to have heard of the late Earl of *Exce-ter*, how (amongſt his many other Excellent Apothegms) he demanded one day of his Lady, Whether none ſpoke ill of him? and ſhe aſſuring him they were ſo far from it, as (on the contrary) every one ſpoke well of him; *Mary*, and *I am ſorry for it*, ſaid he, for *'tis a ſign I have nothing of extraordinary*, they being moſt commonly your ordinarieſt perſons of whom the world ſpeak well, with the flight commendations of *Oh he is a good man! An honeſt man! &c.* But God be thanked there is no great danger of that in the Age wherein we live, *Calumny* being ſo univerſal a Trade now, as every one is of it; Neither need you take care to afford them matter, for they can make it of themſelves, and out of themſelves (as the Spider does) So whilſt 'twas the Cuſtom in antient Times (when there was more Charity in the world) to excuſe the Act by the Intention, we are now arriv'd

riv'd to such a height of uncharity to condemn the Intention, when we can't the Act, at least, calling Devotion, Hypocrisie; Honest Liberty, Dissolutenesse; Complacency, Flattery; nor is there any Action so Good, they cannot find a bad name for; nor intail upon't an ill intention, insomuch as one was so injurious to his Mistris Beauty not long since to say,

"Cease jealous Thoughts, and thus resolve at last,

"She has more Beautie than becomes the Ghost,

Worthy of no Mistris, but such an ugly one as none should Love but he, who would intitle Deformity, rather then Beauty to vertue, against the intention of Nature, with whom it implies a certain fitnesse to conserve choicest Jewells in the fairest Cabinets, and to lodge the noblest persons in the stateliest Palaces; Yet such is the Iniquity of the Times, as Beauty only, because 'tis Beautiful, is calumniated now, as Vertue, because 'tis out of fashion: And this Madam is just your case, whose excessive Beautie makes you not onely the mark of Envious Eyes, but also of malicious Tongues, to spit their venome at, whilst defended by your Innocence, their poyson, like the Cockatrices, but returns upon themselves. Mean time thank your beauty (*Madam*) or rather he who gave it you, for delivering you by it from the many vices of your detractors,

your

you having too many perfections to envy the praise of them in others, or to calumniate that in them, which is so praise-worthy in your self; whilst you need not vex Nature nor your self, as they do, to become fairer than you are. To whom (or rather to the Truth indeed) I must give this Testimony, that having as a Spy of all that's fair and good, travail'd almost o'r all the world, I never met with greater Beauty accompanied with greater Innocence, nor one who thought lesse harm, because she did none, nor judg'd lesse ill of others, because she knew none in her self, and of this your chearfulnesse and freedom of behaviour is to me sufficient Argument; Those who dissemble most commonly over-doing, whilst they are over-anxious to do enough; whilst who are secretly immodest, cloath it in an outward demurenesse, and feign'd modesty, which most commonly, like Gold gilt, shews fairer than Gold it self:

If any fault then there be, tis in the Time it self, which though it can never warrant bad Actions, can render Indifferent warrantable at least, and so I see no reason but our behaviour, as our fashions, may alter with the times, and become more large or strait, as the fashions are. To conclude this point, what is affected is deform'd, as what is naturall is ever becoming, as 'tis (Madam) in you to be cheerfully free, and in a word, your self: In which I wish

none to imitate you, if they be not of your disposition, nor you to alter, unlesse you be of theirs.

Be still then your self (Madam) in spite of your Detractors; that is, one of the fairest and beautifullest creatures in the world, and let none make you lesse Good, by calumniating your Goodnesse as they do; And in conclusion assure your self, that as you shall never want Detractors of the baser sort: (as are all such who detract from you) So of the better and nobler you shall never want Admirers and Honoures: amongst the rest (Madam) I hope more than one Age, as more than one Nation shall testifie how much I am your Faithfull Honourer and Admirer.

XL.

To Mademoiselle de B.

Of Affectation.

Mademoiselle,

YOU know the Sun with his beams cheers not, nor is more diffusively good, than her Highnesse with her presence. who Yesterday was pleas'd to grace a Country Wedding here with her Company, where the Country people (you may imagine) put on

on their best *Mine* to entertain her, and the Dauncers see the best foot forwards to shew their Agilities: Amongst the rest a Country Fellow laid about him with Arms and Leggs, so as I look'd still when they would fly off from him, and fear'd ever and anon as he approached me lest he would throw them at my head, as Boyes do Cudgels at Plum-trees. Verily, *Madamoiselle*, never any Wheel so whirl'd about, nor spoaks e'r turn'd so fast, so as you could not perceive which part of him was upwards, or which was undermost; yet did he imagin he daunc't excellent well, and was the more confirm'd in it, the more we laught at him: such Fools self-opinion makes of men, whilst it hood-winks them so, they cannot see their own Imperfections, and so besots them, as they imagine none else does; Nay, makes them mistake Vices and Faults for Imperfections; Whereupon I considered the deformity of Affectation, which makes people so anxious to do enough, as most commonly they over-do, and all Excesse you know is Vicious, as all that's vicious is ugly and deform'd. In fine, after the poor fellow had taken pains a great while to make himself Ridiculous, he gave over for pure wearinesse, and all panting, lookt about to see who commended him, when frustrated of his expectation, he was as much dejected with the want of it, as he was elated with the expectation of it before: so it exposes us not only to the Derision

sion of others, but to dejection also in our selves. You see the use I make of my time in every place, and how I Philosophy on every thing, with only this difference, that where you are, my meditations are delightfull and serious, wher you are not, every thing seems to me Irksom, and ridiculous; no more but the *tres-humble baise-mains* of all the Ladies of our Court, and of Madamoiselle.

Your, &c.

XLI.

To Madamofelle de B. Anno 51.

Inviting her into the Country, the Plague being hot at BRUXELLES.

Madamofelle,

IT being absolutely necessary in these dangerous Times, that you quit *Bruxelles*; 'tis concluded in a *Council of War*, to use all means of perswasion, force and stratagem, to make you abandon it. First we send you *Master John* here, to make you an eloquent Oration with all his *Tropes* and *Figure*, and his *Topicks de bono utili, & delectabili*, to perswade you into the Country; neither wants he his flowers of *Rhetorick* out of *Cicero*, and the *Muses Garden*, far beyond all the Gardens

dens you have at *Bruxelles*. If that won't do, we are resolv'd to try force an other while; to which end we'll implore the assistance of our *Ladies of Succour* by our Ambassadour Sir *Toby Matthews* (powerfull with Ladies as you know) and old Monsieur *Hurdlestone* with his Baston of Marishal *de camp* shall lead the succours up. If that fail, we'll imploy stratagem, and *Gros Jean* shall be workt to undermine you in the Sellar he has in keeping under your *Appartement*, or if he can't be corrupted, we'll imploy some *Holland* ingenier to derive all the *Spa* water from *Bruxelles* hither, that you may be inforc'd to come and take it here. In fine we are resolv'd to use all possible means to make you leave the Town, when having got you here, we will erect a *Trophy* of Bottles on the place, and drinking you health in pure *Mosella* wine, so triumph for it here, as you shall not need to envy them the recreations of the *Spa*, we'll walk i'th' mornings, and ride abroad to take the Air every afternoon, & instead oth' Meadow, we'll dance here on the green a *Chanson*, and our six and Thirty *English* dances every night; After which, Madamoiselle, twill be time, I think, to bid you Good night.

Your, &c,

XLII

To Mademoiselle —

*Taking Exceptions at scrawl at he
had writ.*

Mademoiselle,

I Lay me down most humbly at your feet,
demanding your pardon —

Mademoiselle,

VV Hat should I say, or what should I
not say in my excuse? —

Mademoiselle,

TO say your Exceptions were not just, were
to accuse you, and to say they were, were
to accuse my self —

Mademoiselle,

THAT Friend that suspects me without
cause, must attend lesse satisfaction from
me than an Enemy —

Mademoiselle,

NEver was man so Embarras'd and perplext
as I ; not knowing betwixt the too
humble, and the too brave, what to
say. Ther's none than your self, I'm
per understands *Raisery*, nor better

distinguish betwixt the *Gentle* and *Piquant*, yet do you interpret to evil sence and intention my but naming the *Duke* of — and deducing a parallel betwixt the shyness of *Damoisels* in this age, and those in the days of *Knights Errantry*, who were not afraid to encounter *Cavaliers* alone in Wildernesses; whilst those now a days are afraid to meet them in a *Park* or *Garden*, and that in Company. I pray Mademoiselle hereafter have more bounty for me, and declare your self at least so much my friend, as not to look on me as an Enemy; for if you did not, you could not interpret my words so sinisterly as you do.

There are some Pictures so contriv'd, as look on them on't one side, and they appear *Angels*, on't other *Devils*, and in the middle *Men*. Just such things are words (the Pictures of our mind) a *Friend* interprets them to good, an *Enemy* to evil, and one indifferent to neither. How, Mademoiselle, I should esteem of you, declare I beseech you by your more favourable interpretation of all I write and do, whilst how you should esteem of me all I write and do shall testify, which is, that I am

Mademoiselle,

Your, &c.

XLII:

Per Speculum in Enigmatte.
 Or a Mirour in Enigma presented
 to the Princess of LOREIN:

Spoken by the Mirour.

Madam,

AS 'tis the fashion of all those who present their services to any one, to declare their Countries, Birth, and Quality, your Highness may please to know that I am *Venetian* by Nation, of as *Illustrious* Extraction as any *Magnifico* of them all, and of a Family as unble misht and untainted; for my Qualities, I am sincere, and tell others there faults without flattery, and that so far from humour of finding fault, as I tell them as well their virtues and perfections too. I am strangely fantastique (I must confesse) wearing my cloaths within, as others do without, and so awkward, as where others use their right hand, I use my left; For the rest, (to confesse my weaknesse) I am most frail, and subject to fall, if I be not look'd well unto, and am so weak of constitution, as 'tis a hundred to one afterwards, if ever I recover it. In fine, I am somewhat of the nature of a *Camleon*, changing colour often by reflexion; nay, what is yet more strange,

I often change Complexion and Sexes too, being now fair, now fowl, now a Woman, now a Man, though I'm oblig'd out of Gratitude to love more the Feminine Sex, and can assure your Highnesse on my faith, I am never fairer than when you look on me.

XLIV.

To Mademoiselle de Beauvais,
in Raillerie,

On his being King on Twelf-night.
Anno 51.

Mademoiselle,

Pythagoras (or I imagin) would never have been such an Enemy to Beans, had he received such favours from them as I have done, who by the Suffrage of one am chosen King to night; Think me not now one of those who change their natural Condition, with the condition of Fortune, and wax proud with their honours. No, more I am in capacity of doing good, more good I mean to do; and I promise you on my Royal word, my Subjects here shall all have cause to rejoyce whilst I reign over them, my reign shall be nothing but one continued Feast, which they

they shall celebrate with joyful acclamation,
 nothing shall be consum'd but in the Kitchen;
 and nothing be exhausted but the Cellar, I will
 do Grace to all, and no Justice shall be done,
 but in drinking healths, amongst the rest Ma-
 damoiselle, yours shall not be forgot, and
 think but what Grace I may do you, and ac-
 count it done. *Il Rey.*

The Answer,

A sa Majesté Flecknotique.

*S*A Majesté scaura que je me rejouis Infine-
 ment de son heureux avènement a sa couronne,
 et je le crois d'autant plus facilement, pour ce que
 l'on a tousjours esté d'opinion du temps passé, que
 les Royaumes seroient heureux quand les Rois
 seront philosophes ou les philosophes Roies. J'es-
 pere que vostre Règne en sera extrêmement, et
 que vostre grandeur n'empeschera pas, qu'elle
 ne se souviene de ma petitesse.

The same in English.

To his Flecknotique Majesty.

YOUR Majesty may please to know that I re-
 joyce exceedingly for his happy accession
 to the Crown, which I easily believe will be the
 more

more happy, since Antiquity has alwayes been of opinion, that then Kingdoms would be happiest, when Philosophers were Kings, or Kings Philosophers; according to this, I esteem your Kingdom very happy; and hope your Greatnesse will not hinder you from remembering one so little as I,

Your, &c.

To Madamoiselle de Beauvais, An. 51.

On his leaving BREEN.

Madamoiselle,

I Am lookt on here as an Ingrosser of her Highness favours, which (having no Intrest) I have no Arts at all to conserve, but only my sincere honouring her; for the rest, I have so little complacency (I profess) as I imagin 'twere too much spending on the main stock, to be complacent to all, and every one thinking they deserve it, imagine they are injur'd if they have it not: this makes those Enemies, whom I care not to make my Friends. Since then those who live in Court, are like those who Embarque on Sea. The Prince is the Sea, your open Enemies, the Winds, and secret ones, the Rocks and Shelves; You, who are not only my Cynosura, or Pole-star by whom I direct my course, but my

my Pilot, who are also to direct me, knowing better than I the nature of those Seas, will be carefull I hope to preserve me from these rocks and shelves, and for greater storms I will take care my self, who am of the nature of your *Holland Yanges* or Barks of pleasure, which when any storm arise, put to land presently and secure themselves; and just as in those *Boats*, when the Sea is calm, and the Skie fair and serene, you shall hear nothing but laughing and meriment, but when storms arise, and the clouds gather together once, they are all hush, and there's an End of their Joviality; so I lose my good humour straight, when I perceive any cloudy countenances, as I imagin I doe here now. You'll say perhaps, 'tis but my Imagination. It may be so, however I'll retire a while, so shann't I break with my Friends, but avoid breaking with them, it being not my manner, who love not to be treated with Indifference, much lesse neglect, to importune any with my Company, longer then they may take delight in it: so shall they return to't with appetite again, which else, as meats they are once cloyd with, they alwayes look afterwards on with loathing & nautiousnes. Besides, I find it no ways conducing to my health, to remain longer here this Winter, which (as a hole in the wall, is no part of the building) is so deep sunk in a bottom, as it seems no part of the world, there being a hole in *Ireland* they call *Purgatory*, and another in

in the Isle of *Lipary* they call *Hell*, but if ever there were any place that deserves the name of both, in my conceit 'tis this, You see how *Satyrical* discontent makes a man; and in the humour I am in, will excuse I assure my leaving *Breen*, only with intension, when they and I am in better humour, to return again; Mean time (*Mademoiselle*) I beseech you conserve me, not only in your good graces, but also in theirs, to whom I am, and ever shall be as I am to you

Mademoiselle,

Your &c.

XLVII

To the Lady Tenham: An. 54.

In sending her a Song or Ballad.

Madam,

I Send you here a Song made upon this occasion: The other night almost all the Ladies of the Time were in the Garden, with none to wait on them but my self, when if a Handkerchief but fell, I must strait reach it up, and with a couple of reverences, and kissing my hand, deliver it them again. If a *Fan* dropt, I was to do the like, and if a Glove were lost, like a good Water *Spaniel* I must go hunt it out

out, and fetch it them again. In fine 'twas impossible Sir *Toby Matthews* himself amongst so many Ladies could have been busier than I was, nor more officious; with which notwithstanding I was so wearyed at last, as returning to my Chamber I made this following Song, In revenge of those who left me all alone under so great (yet honourable) a burthen.

SONG.

I

Now into what Times
Are we fallen for our Crimes,
Or what ever the matter of't may be;
It does not afford
So much as a Lord
To wait upon a Lady:
But now all alone
A walking they come,
With none to wait upon them;
Your Gallants are grown
Such carriers at home,
A Murren and Shame light on them.

It's boldnesse they lack,
 They are grown so slack,
 Or each turn'd Woman hater,
 Or money they want,
 Of which store God grant,
 Or what the Devil's the matter;
 But yet we behold
 Them dayly more bold,
 And their Lands to Coin they distil ye,
 And then with the Money
 You see how they run ye,
 To lose it at Pickadilly.

Your Country Squire³
 I far more admire,
 (Whose Father that's dead God pardon)
 He knows 'tis the fashion
 To give them Collation,
 Who go to the Park and the Garden;
 Whilst he of the Town
 Is grown such a Clown,
 To wait on them he is unwilling;
 But away he does run,
 When the Ladies do come,
 And all for to save his Ten Shilling.

4

But Ladies you'll see,
 Be ruled by me,
 And this geer will soon be amended;
 Upon them but frown,
 When you have them at home,
 And all this quarrel is ended;
 Sharp Hawks we are sure
 Will come to the Lure,
 Then of Favours in private but starve
 And strait you will see (then
 In publike they'll be
 More ready and glad to deserve them.

~~more ready & glad to deserve them~~
~~more & ready and glad to deserve them~~

XLVIII
 To Gloris, *Ann 54*:

On her going out of Town.

SEE fair *Cloris* how you deal with us, you
 Slept us in the Spring to deprive us of Flow-
 ers, and you leave us now in *Summer* to de-
 prive us of the fruit of them; but you know
 what you doe; two Suns at a Time would be
 too much now in the Town, and therefore to
 prevent plagues and Calentures, you go out of
 it; but now our better Sun is gon into the
 Country

Country, what should we do here; where that we have, only serves to scorch and burn, not to comfort us: It being more safe and comfortable then to follow you into the Country, than longer to remain in Town here; If now we suffer by your absence, we may thank our selves, and none would pittie our complaining of it, when we might enjoy your presence with but only going after you. Expect me then next week with you (*fairest Cloris*) and if you find not yet in my *Heart* the Reasons for it; look but in your *Glas* at least, and you'll find it in your *Face*, the Sun never attracting more flowers, than that does hearts to follow it, and amongst the rest (if not above the rest) that (*Aimablest Cloris*) of

Your, &c.

XLIX

To the Lord Rich.

My Lord,

I Have considered since I saw you last, what I vain boast 'twas in those who threatned (on I know not what particular picque and quarrel of their own) to deprive me of all my friends; for besides few are so indigent of *Friends* now a day, as they need to take them up on others scores; If another can deprive

by

me

me of them, they are no friends of mine, and to imagine others should be angry with them when they are angry, is as great a folly, as to imagine others should be sick with them when they are sick; besides I should be very greedy of the store, should I not content my self with those for friends, (should they deprive me of all the rest) whom they have for Enemies; but all this proceeds from their not considering the differences between Acquaintances and Friends, which are so hard indeed to distinguish (but on such occasions) as pray tell them when you see them) they shall much pleasure me to do it for me, when with all their blustering they shall do me no more harm by it, than the wind does to the Trees, by blowing off their old wither'd eaves, to make place for new flourishing ones; Mean time I assure my self, My Lord, you are none of those who think those that cry loudest have the greatest wrong, when 'tis rather their weakness than any just provocation of mine, unlesse they take it for an injury and affront, that I'd receive none from them. For me, though I should not be so good a friend, unlesse I knew how to be as bad an Enemy; yet I profess I had rather contend with them in any quarrel, than in such an one; where 'tis a greater shame to overcome, than to be overcome, so tell them, if you please My Lord, assure yourself from him who knows not to dissemble, nor to be other than

L.

To the Lady

Of the Temple of Friendship, a Tragi-comedy
 he was writing, with the character of
 the Persons.

FRIENDSHIP being our second Religion; and
 so main a part of our first, I have design'd
 to present it so beautiful to the Eye, as all
 should be ravisht with its Love and Admirati-
 on. To this end I have personated it in the
 loveliest sex, and that betwixt persons of the
 same sex too; for avoiding all suspect; *Friend-
 ship being nothing but Love strip of suspi-
 tion of Harm.* For representing it by Ladies,
 after the like example of the Queen and her
 Ladies here formerly, & of the greatest Ladies
 & Princesses in *Spain, France Flandres*, and else
 where, I thought none reasonably could take
 exceptions, nor think me too ambitious in't, e-
 specially I having been long Time train'd up &
 conversant in the Courts of the greatest Queens
 and Princesses in *Europe*, and consequently not
 altogether ignorant of personating and pre-
 senting them according to their dignity and
 quality.

First then for *Blondinia* and *Lindiana*, I
 make them vindicating to their Fair Sex, all the
 Noblenesse & Generosity as ever was in man;

and to their Friendship all the dearnesse and tenderneſſe as ever was in Love.

For the two Princeſſes *Mariana* and *Philothea*, I make them of equal perfection, though of different diſpoſition (like *Pamela* and *Philoclea* in the *Arcadia*) high minded, magnanimous, excelling in all the Vertues of great Princes, and not to make them more than Princes, ſubject too to their noble Vices of Anger, Ambition, &c. To ſhew in fine that they are not virtuous by chance, but by choice and Election, ſince they may be otherwiſe.

For *Bellara*, ſhe is a perſon whoſe divine Converſation would even make you doubt whether ſhe were human or no. Her wiſdom is ſo great as there is no Labyrinth in this world ſhe would not help you out of, by connecting a Third of firſt and ſecond cauſes together. She has charge both of the Altar and Oracle, yet is her breaſt the pureſt Altar, and mouth the trueſt Oracle: ſo as in following her opinion, you are ſure of Truth for guide, and in following her Example you are ſure of Heaven for Friend.

For *Euphemia*, ſo young yet as ſhe is but a *Nymph*, and under *Bellaras* tuition, ſhe is as pure a breaſt as like white paper ſhe is appointed for receiving all the others divine Precepts and Impreſſions: ſo as you may well gueſſe what ſhe will be hereafter, by what the other ſhe preſents.

For *Compaſſe* laſtly, and the reſt, we may well

well say of them, that as those who play the Fools part in the Play, are most commonly the wisest men: so those are most commonly the best *Actors*, who play those Treacherous parts, and though they be not lookt on with such gracious Eyes for the persons they repreient; yet certainly they are most Admir'd, when they represent them well, as Painters when they paint some ugly Body to the life.

For the Plot, to give you some light off it, I feign a Commonwealth of Amazons, and (to render it more propable than eother) of peacefull ones, sent there in Colony, though for the greater variety distemper'd into Warr; In which (*Harque's* as they are) you are not to wonder, to see them do Actions of greatest *Hero's*, and capable of all the Heroical Exploits you admire of men in Story. I having found in your noble Sex a capacity of all the Excellency I ever yet found in man.

Lr.

To Lilly

Drawing CLORIS picture

STay daring man, and till perchance thou
 finds
 Colours so rare, and of such orient worth,
 To paint bright Angels, or Celestial minds,
 Never presume to paint bright *Cloris* forth.

Till from all Beauties thou extracts the Grace,
 And frō the Sun beams gets the dazzling thred,
 Never presume to draw that Heavenly face,
 Nor those bright radiant Tresses on her head.

Vex not thy Art, the while, t' expresse th'e-
 clate

That from her Beauty and her Eyes do shine,
 All earthly things thy Art can imitate,
 But *Cloris* Eyes and Beauty are devine.

What needs thou then the bootless labour take,
 When none can paint her out to her desert,
 She that's above all Nature e'r did make,
 Much more's above all can be made by Art.

But yet go on too, since who ere does see'r,
 At least with admiration must confesse,

It has an Air so most divinely sweet; (lesse.
 'Tis more than others, though than hers much

So they who shoot at Heaven, though they
 propose

Themselves a Butt, to hit they ne'r may hope,
 Level and shoot far higher yet than those,
 who aim but at some Tree, or Houses top.

Comfort thee then, and think it no disgrace,
 T' have fail'd where none could hit and know

(In fine)

(Unto thy higher praise) the cause of it was,
 Her too great Excellence, and no want of thine.

To the Lady Biron.

On the black hair of a fair Lady.

Rarest of all that nature ever made,
Light in the dark, and Sun-shine in the
Shade.

Tresses so black, and Eyes so fair and bright
As it a mixture seems of day and night
Wonder I whence this so strange conjunction
Of meeting oposits and extreems should come!
Did Nature fear, when those fair Eyes she
made.

They'd not have shone so bright unlesse they
had;

Foile of black hair, to set them off, or did (hid
She with those shadowy Curtains keep them
Lest their so radiant and resplendent light,
Should dazle our weaker sight, and blind us
quite.

Or to defend us from their scorching Rayes,
This needfull shelter she invented has;
As in the torrid *Lybian* desert, where
Th parching Sun shrinks up the Traveller,
To 's nontide shade, black clouds she does pro-
vide.

Poor fainting wretches from its beams to hide,
Or cause 'tis controverted which does make,
the perfects Beauty, or the fair or black,

Did

Did she together curiously place
 The choice of eithers Excellence in in her face.
 Or is't the Harmony she's within doth make,
 Her outward form, o'th Harmony partake;
 Discord in concord so has reconcil'd,
 She's sweetly rigid, and severely mild.
 She's simply wise, modestly confident,
 Gravely pleasant, and wittily innocent:
 What ever 'tis our wonders all will ease,
 When we shall hear 'tis *Biron* is all this;
 Or rather (*Adams*) we shall wonder more,
 Hearing you mention'd, than we did before,
 Since all must needs confesse, beholding you,
 Your Beauty's Beauty and Admiration too.

LIII.

To Briget Countess of Desmond.

*In Excuse of his no sooner celebrating her
praises.*

Madam,

You being all Admirable as you are,
 No wonder yet I never did declare,
 But in an Aspiration or two,
 The Admiration which I have for you,
 For Silence (Admirations tongue) can best
 Speak that, by words can never be exprest;
 For 'tis not with me, as with one that has
 Some slight and easie subject for his praise;

For

For plain and obvious Texts all at first view
 Can understand, but one must study you:
 So th' superficial Beauty of a face
 Each superficial brain knows how to praise,
 And th' shallower bosom every shallow wit
 Can dive into, and sound the depth of it:
 But your fair soul, so deep, and so profound,
 Few wits have fathom-line enough to sound;
 And for each several Grace one might agen
 Number as well the Starres as number th'm;
 Besides, what most perplexes, is to see
 You equally posselt to Excellency
 Of all th' perfections of your fairer sex,
 And equal, not unequal, does perplex —
 So as whilst others th' subjects penury
 Deters, 'tis th' store only deterreth me,
 When, seeing so much to praise in you, I'm lost,
 Not knowing what in you to praise the most.
 Thus y'ave the Reason of my praising you
 No sooner now, but (filly) what do I do,
 He's a meer Trifler and nothing does,
 In general terms, praises a subject thus,
 And should I to particulars descend,
 'Twere easier to begin than e'r to end.

To CLORIS.

Cloris ne'r think that I should whyne and
 At Womens humors & Inconstancy, (cry
 Or, like the Amorous *Knight* in the *Romance*,
 Look pale for't, found, & fall into a Trance.
 I know you love to change, & would that you
 Shu'd know, that I can change as easily too,
 When summ of all the harm can come of it,
 Is, you leave me, I you, and so w' are quit.
 Mean time yours, & not mine shall be the loss,
 When *Cloris* forth in all her bravery goes.
 Contending whe'r the gaudy *Spring* or *She*,
 To eyes end hearts more ravishing shu'd be,
 T' have none with praise usher her forth, & say,
 This is the *Spring*, tother but only *May*,
 This, this is *she*, so glads these hearts of ours,
 Whilst that glads only Trees and sencelesse
 flowers,

And more to heighten th' glory of the *Spring*,
Birds do but chirp, *Cloris* does only sing.
 Be then my *Goddess*, as you were be ore,
 Or ne'r expect such offerings from me more,
 And as propitious as y'ar wont to be,
 Or you have lost a worshiper of me,
 Who never yet a Reverence did bear
 To Deities, wou'd be only serv'd for fear:
 So your young Novice in Religion,
 If's *Goddess* frown, thinks he is quite undone,

And

And fondly superstitious seeks in vain,
 By Prayers and Tears her favour to obtain,
 Whilst th'old *Egyptian* Idolater
 His Idol fire to *Nylus* bank does bear,
 And 'lesse he finds it in a better mood,
 Do's thrust straight to quench it in the flood.

LV.

To the Lady Elizabeth Darcey.

The Farewell.

Madam,

TO my departing Grief tis some allay, (stay
 That all my better Thoughts with you do
 Whilst only thought of you I bear away.

So whersoever Absence us confines,
 'T can never seporate resolved minds, (bines
 Whom mutual bonds of thought so fast com-

What need I care then whilst from you I part,
 So long as you are present to my heart,
 Whe'r Eyes or no i' th' joy have any part.

Eyes are dull Instruments, that only hew
 Out forms i' th' mind, with oft repeated view,
 Or being decay'd those forms again renew.

Whence,

Whence, as 'twere folly in Painters more to stare
 O'th person, when their Pictures finish'd are :
 So 'twere in me, for Eyes now more to care.

Howe'r since Friendship and Suspicion
 Trade both in the same mind, I've but this one
 Boon (Madam) to crave of ye, and I have don.

And ris't assure ye, I am none does take
 The last Impression still his Eyes does make,
 But what his heart once has, does ne'r forsake.

To end then, after this assurance, know,
 That you who are my last thought now I go,
 Shall be when I am gon, my lastingst too.

LVI.

To the Lady Isabella Thinn.

MAdam, i'th' worlds great Librery, wher
 I've studied *Men* far more than *Books*,
 and there

Have learnt to know their differences too :
 Some are my *Classique Authors*, such as you,
 From whose fair *Lectures* I have learnt alone,
 What's profitable, and fit for to be known.
 Others light Pamphlets, which when once
 w've read,

W're straightways cloy'd with them and satia-
 red.

Others

Others meer outside more for Ornaments
 Of studies, than for inside or contentse,
 (For Libraries are like th^e Stationers stall;
 Defective, if not furnished with all)
 And fin^{lly} some too hard and Tetrical
 For th^e Muses to be conversant withall :
 Having at last perused every one,
 I must conclude of all I've ever known
 Or read, both for contentse and outside too
 The fairest, best, I ever read, is you.

LVII.

The fair Mourner.

To the Lady HOWARD.

N fable weeds now all the Graces mourn,
 Till she to brighter Colours does return,
 And just like sad *Camelions* appear,
 Taking their dark reflections all from her,
 From her, whose Beauty can't go more nor
 lesse,
 For any additional wear or dresse.
 Who gives her Robes, their chiefest ornamefit,
 Whilst others chiefly from their Robes are
 (lent;
 And does herself within herself contain;
 All that's by others sought and, sought in vain;
 Not

Not *France* does on the Neighbouring world
impose,

(As it had Patent for't) its garb and cloaths,
Nor Ladies teach with more becomingesse,
What Habits they should wear, what tire, what
dresse

Then she on all that's excellent, sweet, and fair,
Happy to take examples all from her.

Meane-time was never sweeter sorrow seen,
Since for her Favourites losse the *Idalian*
Queen,

Taught lovelinesse [could only smile before]
The Gentle Art to weep and to deplore,
Which she Improving makes her Tears the
while

More pretious sweet, than e'r was any's smile,
Enhancing of their value by't so high,
'Twould beggar either *India* to buy;

Ah Gentle Nymph then shed them not so fast,
Of pretious baum make nor such lavish wast;
One drops enough to satisfie for all

Misfortunes in this world co'd e'r befall,
And then the living make (by odds) the dead
Happyer, for whom those pretious Tears are
shed,

Who would, you'd spare them yet, their care
is such,

(Though most concer'nd) lest you should
weep too much;

Happy the whilst are both the joy and care,
Of all that's dead, of all that living are,

(1601)

LVIII.

To Misa.

Angry because she was old.

NOW what a Devil *Misa* makes
Thee with such eyes behold me still.
Cause from thee time thy good looks takes,
Must I therefore have thy ill?

I prithee *Misa* don't behold
Me thus, as if I were thy Foe,
For howsoever thou art old,
I am not Time that make thee so.

And rather than to quarrel with me,
As if I had done thee wrong,
Go quarrel with thy Age I prithee,
Whose fault 'tis that thou'ast liv'd too long.

How e'r (for me) thou well may'st spare,
Thy anger, and thy frowns may cease,
who for thy good looks little care,
For thy bad ones care much lesse.

LIX

To the same

On her striving to appear still fair and young.

Let Autumn paint her wither'd leaves,
 And Winter dye his snowy hair,
 Yet he's a fool that ope perceives
 Both aged and decayed are.

So while thou' needs look well again,
 And still seem fair unto our sight,
Miss, thy labours all in vain,
 Like his who'd wash the Ethiop white.

Nature by Art is better made,
 Whilst Art has ground for what it does,
 But when that Nature's once decayed,
 All Art but more deformed shews.

Who look's well in King *James's* reign,
 And in King *Charles's* old appear'd,
 Will hardly now look young again,
 When th' Commonwealth has got a beard.

Then *Miss* follow my advice,
 And leaving off thy bootlesse care,
 Strive rather to win hearts than eyes,
 And so appear more good than fair.

LX.

To Phillis.

Reporting he loved her, because he
praised her.

Phillis, how you your Ignorance discover,
Whilst you mistake a *Poe* for a *Love*,
Who when he verses writes, makes *Love* 'tis true,
But 'tis unto his *Muse*, and not to you,
And oftentimes does Mistresses invent,
To exercise his wit, and complement;
Just as I've Gallants seen (dispos'd to mock)
Make legs and faces to a courting stock.
When then I prais'd you with *Hyperbolies*,
Nought but impossible, excus'd from eyes,
Planting the *Rose* and *Lillys* in your cheeks,
(Where, one more truly might have planted
And talkt of your divinity of mind; (*Looks*,)
(When I human'ty there co'd scarcely find)
And much more when I flatt'ring ye did bring
Sweets from *Arabia*, Flowers from the *Spring*,
From *Beauty* all was excellent and fair,
And from the *Graces* all was choice and rare.
Were you so simple, to believe that I,
Could e'r commit to grosse *Idolary*,
Or that I had so little sense and wit,
To mean all this by you? or you by it?
Pray be more wise hereafter, lest you make
Me blush (not for mine own) but for your sake,

And underhand against another Time,
 Their's no small difference. Twixt Poets & Rhime;
 While t'on for what you are commendeth ye;
 Tother for what indeed you ought to be,
 Your Poets end being only to make men
 Better than th'ar by their commending them;
 Make you like use of't then, and so I may
 Perhaps admire ye, as you think and say;
 Mean time all (*Philo*) I admire in you,
 Is (saying I admir'd ye) you could think it true.

To the Vice-Roy of Norway,

Anno 55.

In sending him some Verses which he desired

My Lord,

Behold your desire has a greater force with
 me, than any others commands could
 have, I obeying it even when I was not in estate
 of obedience, being in the heat of a *Feaver*,
 and consequently unfit either to write or
 compose anything. If your Lordship find
 any heat then in these lines, I will not say tis
 of the *Feaver*, nor that of *Poetry*; but of the
 desire I have to serve you: and if you like it
 not, you will think it worth burning at least:
 It shall it but die a natural death, and but re-

turn to its first being, being begot in flames. Sh
I will detain your Lordship no longer from
reading it, being able to write no more, but
only that I am

Your Lordships most, &c.

On his choosing Valentines.

HOW great a Freedom he enjoys
Who loves not without Counterpoise,
Since be th'attraction what it will,
He stands upon firm *Asis* still:
So tother day my chance it was,
Choosing *Valentines* in a place,
T' have one draw me, and I an other,
Who so counterballanc't tother,
Neithers Captive I was made,
Both such equal Beauty had,
Eithers Captive else had been,
And I both sufferer seen,
So true tis when two such as those,
We to our equal choice propose,
We should dye e'r we could choose
Which to take, or which refuse.
No danger, then of either harm,
Whilst th'one undoes the others harm;
But when these *Circles* are alone,
Then all the loving harm is done;
So she who made *Asis* spin,
The Club layd by, and Lions skin,

Shoul

should soon have seen with what disdain
 he would have snatcht them up again,
 but had thrown his servile work aside,
 soon as some *Dame* he had espy'd
 in room with *Omphale* appear,
 At all parts equalizing her;
 So great a freedom he enjoys,
 Who loves not without counterpoise,
 Since he th' attraction what it will,
 He stands upon firm *base* still.

LXII.

To the Countess of Desmond.

On the Death of the Lady Theophyla Carey,
Daughter to Henry Earle of
Monmouth, Anno 55.

Madam,

I Saw so many *Graces* and *Perfections* in the
 Lady *Theophyla Carey* (for she was all trans-
 parent, and her very *Soul* did shine thorough
 her *Body*) as I must wish (with her noble
 Familie, and the rest of her Honourers and Ad-
 mirers) that either I had never known her, or
 that we had never been depriv'd of her. But
 being fair as an *Angel*, having an *Angels*
 mind, and singing too *Angelically* as she did,
 we might well imagine her one of those *Ce-*

lestial Quizes, and cease wondring, being
all *Angel* as she was, that we had onely
Glympe of her on Earth, and that she
should straight vanish like some Heavenly
Apparition into Heaven; It dealing so ordi-
narily with us in this manner, to shew us such
as she only, and straight to snatch them a-
way agen, as I begin to suspect tis but a *trick*
to make us desire to follow them, knowing us
so Earthly minded, as there's no other way
to intice us unto *Heaven*. For my part, (at
least) upon her death I've left the Town (so
much I am displeas'd with it, could no better
conserve the choicest Rarity it had) and
that *after* Times might know what a losse
they had in her, as well as the present,
have made this *Epitaph* on her before I
went into the Country.

R Eader, if th' art courteous stay,
And understand before thou go,
Here lies th' admir'd Theophila;
More of her if thou wilt know,
For Beautious features, lovely Grace,
For candid breast, and purest mind,
She Glory was of Careys race,
And excellentest of Woman kind.

To Mr. Thomas Higgins

With his Ode in praise of the Country life.

Noble Sir,

Those on whose soil the Tree grows have most right to the fruit; none has more right than your self to this following Ode in praise of the Country life, since 'twas made at Grewel with you in the Country. After which I know not what excuse to allege for my living in the Town, but that self-accusing one of *Phædra*, *Vides, meliora, perfrascor*, or this, that when I would live to my friends and self, I go into the Country; when to others, I go to Town; However, I being of that *Amphibian* Gender, with those who are now in one, now in tother, do receive this benefit (at least) by it, that the one but he gets an appetite to tother; all pleasures in this life consisting in a certain change and vicissitude, which indeed is but a pause and respite of pain, or relaxation from misery (none taking pleasure in rest, but the weary, nor in eating but the hungry, &c.) which you'll easily perceive when continue them but too long, and then make a pain of that pleasure, and begin to long for the pleasure of the pain you had before; such is our humane infirmity, as like sick men in their beds,

we lye tossing and tumbling up and down, and
restlessly change place, only to find rest, which
we can never find; because we carry unrest a-
long with us, *quod è re nascitur, vix evitatur*;
the purest company which I find without lassitude
is the company and conversation of a
friend, which is the more pure the more spiritual
they are: and that, Sir, I never enjoy in greater
perfection, than when I am with your com-
pany.

ODE

In praise of the Country life.

O Happiness of Country life, [boast,
Which Town nor Palace ne'er could
Where men are even with Gods at strife
Whose happiness should be the most,
Whilst innocently all live there,
Lords of themselves, as well as Land,
Out of the Road of Hopes and Fears,
And out of Fortunes proud command.
Where to deprive men of their own,
Is crime which yet they never saw,
Nor more injustice 't was known
Than not to give *Justice* happy Law.

Where but for fish there's none lays bait,
Nor traps, but for some ravenous Beasts,
And but for Fowl there's no deceits,
So harmlesse they are in all the rest.

Where of false dealings none's afraid,
And soothing flattery none allowes,
But only in the Dairy Maid,
Who whilst she milks them, stroaks her Cows.

Where only in Sheep-sheering Time
The Rich the Poor do seem to Fleaze,
And of oppression all their crime
Is only whilst they make their Cheese,

Then for the pleasant, do but think,
Th'vast difference there is twixt both,
Whilst men in Towns live in a sink,
A life, even very beasts would loath.

Where nothing on the Earth does grow,
To speak the reasons, but (in Summ,)
By Dirt they only Winter know,
And only dust shews Summers come.

Then for serenating the mind,
Without which no contentment is,
Where in lowd Cities shall you find
A recollection like to this.

Where on some Object whilst I stay,
 And hidden cause of it would find,
 No noise does fright my thoughts away,
 Nor sudden sight distract my mind.

Or if that any noise there be,
 'tis such as makes me not afraid,
 Of Waters fall, Birds Melody,
 Oth' bleating flock, or lowing heard.

Mean time how highly are they blest,
 Whose conversations all with them,
 Who only but for th' name of Beast,
 Are (in effect) lesse beasts than Men.

For no ambition makes them fight,
 Nor unto mutual slaughter run,
 Invading one anothers right,
 Till t' one or both be quite undone.

Nope others sets calumnie,
 Nor misinterpret every word;
 For others lives none lies in wait,
 Nor kills with poyson, nor with sword.

Then to conclude the COUNTRY life,
 Has happinesse Towne could never boast,
 Where men are even with Gods at strife,
 Whose happinesse should be the most,

And since life somewhere must be spent,
 Give me but *Amoret's* Company,
 Without which life has no content,
 And here I could both live and die.

LXIV
A condoling Epistle

To the Dutchesse of Richmond,

Anno. 555.

On the death of my Lord Duke her Husband,

Madam,

A Midst the greatest discomfort I ever had,
 This comfort my Lady *King's* gave
 me at my arrival to Town, that a more be-
 coming sorrow, nor more natural than that of
 your Graces, as yet she never saw, which made
 me (Madam) instead of condoling (in some
 sort) congratulate with your Grace, that as
 y^e formerly performed all the parts of a most
 illustrious wife, so now you do of a most ex-
 cept^r *Widow*, one of which is not to
 mourn ambitiously as others doe, and with
 such a studied sorrow, as if they courted new
Husbands in mourning for the old, but with
 such a Grief, as shews them rather dying than
 living, since those are dead whom they most
 lov'd alive. Mean Time (Madam) since

(1674)
and all earnest
solicits are yours. Give me leave (I beseech
your Grace) to put you in mind that you
grieve not too much like those who are over-
anxious to grieve enough) but imagin (a-
mongst your other imaginations of the dead)
that you hear your noble Lord and Husband
conspiring with you thus; "Why (dearest
heart) having left thee three main businesses
to do, to have care of my Children, to have
care of my estate, and to bewail me dead,
why wouldst thou frustrate and irritate my
will in all these three, by making my Chil-
dren compleat Orphans by thy death? by ru-
ining my estate if thou dyest? and lamen-
ting me so dead, as 'twould kill me a second
time were I alive? Moderate thy sorrow then,
and let me not wholly by, who am not
wholly dead, as long as thou art alive, but live
as if 'twere in thy power) thou dost have me
live again, so shall thou comfort me by com-
forting thy self, so shall I more perceive
thy love, than if thou dyedst for me.

These (Madam) I beseech your Grace to
believe are rather his words than mine, after
which I'll say no more but only weep, while I
write this following Elegy, and inscribe my
my self (as really I was, and shall ever be)
his and

MUSEUM
BRITAN

our Graces

On the death of the Lord Duke of Richmond
and of Lenox

AS when some mighty blow is given,
By which our Walls & Towers are shewn
Some all agast look up to Heaven,
Some wildly on each other look
Nay sometimes too (w^hile made of flesh & bone)
Frail brittle stuff) it may so fall,
The violence of t^hey may be so much,
To shatter in pieces life and all.
So, at Report that *Richmond* dead,
Whilst some Astonish'd stand at Gaze,
Some towards Heaven lift up their head,
In witness of their sad amaze.

We whom the blow does strike more neer,
At the report even dead do fall,
Whilst sad and dolefull news we hear,
Of such a *Death* that kills us all.

How would that Tyrant (then) be glad,
To Mankind was so great a Foe,
He wisht that all but one neck had,
To take them all off at a blow?

When he sh^d see, now *Leues* gon,
How dead and sightlesse each one is,
As if to kill us all in one,
Did need no other *Drum* but his.

Mean time soft rest I'th' sacred Vrn,
Vnto his Noble Ashes be,
Where lies incomb'd, not to returne
All Vertue, all Nobility.

Vntil the Heir. Marle's behind,
In whom his House's hopes remain,
True Offspring of the *Phoenix* kind,
Revive them from his dust again.

Then shall his *Mother* teary refrain,
Then shall she cease to sigh and moan,
Seeing her *Husband* live again,
With all his Glories in her Son.

~~We would that Tyme (as I am) be glad,
To Marrying was to great a joy,
He wist that all for one neck had,
To take himself off at a blow.~~

~~Now would that Tyme (as I am) be glad,
To Marrying was to great a joy,
He wist that all for one neck had,
To take himself off at a blow.~~

Consolatory Epistle,

To the Queen Mother of France, Mary of Medices; written about the year, 41.

Omitted in its place, and inserted here.

Madam,

Your Majesty knows (whose chief study these many years has been Divinity) how our B. Saviour in one place of Holy Writ, says, *Without him we can do nothing*; and the Apostle in another, *That he could do all things in him who comforted him*: which two passages conferr'd together, (as two contrary Medicaments in mixture) are a Sovereign cure for those two extreme maladies of our soul, a too great *Presumption*; and too great *diffidence* of our selves. For who will ever despair hereafter, when he considers the second saying? Or, who will presume too much of himself, who considers but the first? In consideration of which, a certain *Holy man* was wont to say, *God, and I can do all things*; and if it seem too great a presumption in him, to name himself with God, certainly a greater presumption 'tis for any to name themselves without him. This receipt (*Madam*) your Majesty has got, and this consideration 'tis, that makes you bear all your Afflictions with so great patience, as *Job* will no more be mentioned for it, when your Majesty is named, nor *David* for mansuete and

(178)
forgiveness of his Enemies; I having heard
(with Admiration of your Majesty's virtue)
whilst one inveighing against your Enemies,
your Majesty interrupted them, with intreating
them to desist, and affirming that they were per-
sons you daily and nightly prayed for. Oh gene-
rous and noble example of Christian Piety
and Charity! worthy perpetual Remembrance,
which (Madam) I set before your Majesties
eyes, knowing that nothing comforts more
for the present, then the recollection of our
good Deeds past, as nothing encourages us
more, to those that are to come. And this I
desire to set before the eyes of all the world,
that the joynt concurrency of the Great-
ness of the person and example might more
move them to Imitation. Be pleas'd to go on
then (Madam) in being a pattern, as you are,
not only to these, but also to future Times, of
Longanimity, Patience, and Sufferance. God
ever from time to time renewing in his Church
such examples as these, that beholding them
near at hand, we might believe them possible,
which else beheld a far off, might be imagined
Fabulous, and but the illusions of Fancy and
Imagination: so shall you receive (Madam) of
our B. Saviour, who has said he is the way, the
truth, and the life, for your following his way,
and his Example, Truth for your Guide, and
Eternal life for your reward, which is the wish
Madam, of

Your Majesty's most
FINIS

